

The TATLER

Vol. CXLIV. No. 1877

London
June 16, 1937



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The TATTLER

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Vandyk, Buckingham Palace Road

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

A new portrait of the Fourth Lady in the Land, who last week, together with the Duchess of Kent, was appointed by the King a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, in celebration of His Majesty's Birthday. In the Coronation Honours List the Duchess of Gloucester became a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire, and also Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Northamptonshire Regiment. The fourth battalion of the former famous Regiment has H.R.H.'s brother, the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, Lord Steward of the Household, as its Honorary Colonel

PANORAMA



Cannons of Hollywood
LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA

An engaging head study of an engaging and popular personality. Lord and Lady Dufferin live in Hans Crescent when they are in London, and their parties are always a pleasure to their friends. Lord Dufferin, who has been Parliamentary Private Secretary to three Cabinet Ministers, is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King

NO one can say that we haven't extended "our hand across the sea" this Coronation Season—in fact, "Overseas visitors" and "Delegates to the Imperial Conference" have been helping to make social history.

For weeks now our mantelpieces have been decorated with invitation cards telling us we are to meet one or the other. Balls, cocktail parties, receptions and luncheons have all been given, and incidentally been, on the whole, a tremendous success.

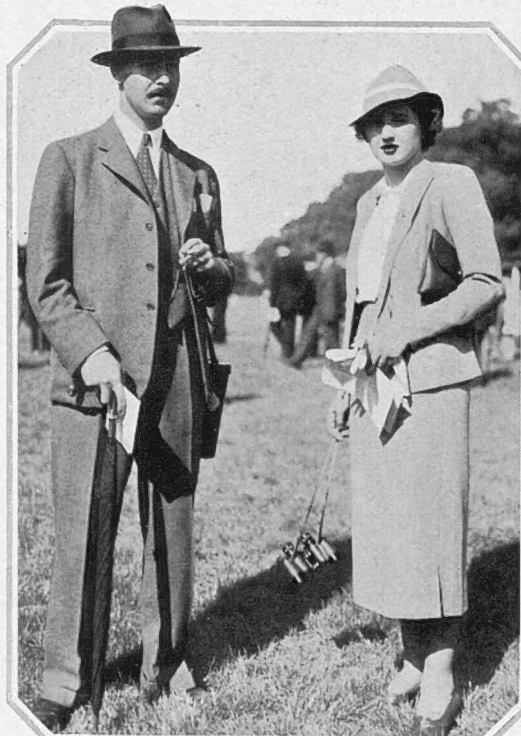
Country hostesses have done their bit, although garden party invitations haven't always met with the response they deserved.

It was a pity that Lord and Lady Camden, Sir Paul and Lady Patricia Latham, and Sir Patrick and Lady Hannon should all have chosen the same afternoon for their garden parties. "Bad staff work, somewhere," said some of the guests who would have liked to have visited all three places, an impossibility even for hustlers, as one party was in Kent, another in Surrey, and the third on Magna Carta Island. The latter, which is most attractive when you get there, is not an easy place to find. I went round and round in circles, only to find myself tantalisingly opposite the house but with the river running in between! Lady Hannon gave Magna Carta Island to her husband as a present, but they have not been there a great deal owing to the servant problem—all women will sympathise; it is



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT WITH MR. NOEL COWARD
AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY

The Duke and Duchess of Kent's arrival at this year's Theatrical Garden Party, held in Queen Mary's Garden, Regent's Park, synchronised with the arrival of the sun and added considerably to the festive spirit of an ever-festive occasion, for Their Royal Highnesses patronised almost every sideshow. The Duke and Duchess were received by Mr. Noel Coward, President of the Actors' Orphanage—the good cause of the Garden Party—and the first sideshow which received a Royal visit was the "Balalaika Beer Garden," where Mr. Coward was performing as pianist



THE HON. BRIAN O'NEILL AND MISS
PATRICIA HARRISON AT KEMPTON

As one of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison's bevy of daughters, Miss Patricia Harrison has been brought up in the polo and hunting worlds, and she knows quite a lot about racing, too. Lord O'Neill's brother is in the Irish Guards

becoming an insoluble difficulty! At Lord and Lady Camden's party guides were provided, and wore distinguishing white and yellow rosettes. They had an exhausting afternoon, for our Dominions' visitors really do want to see things, and Bayham Abbey is well worth seeing. Lady Brecknock, in beige, was taking a day off from her duties as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent to help her mother-in-law at this party. Lord Brecknock came too, to help his parents entertain guests whose costumes ranged from turbans and saris of Indian visitors to organdie and shady cartwheel hats.

Of all the lovely houses in England, Hurstmonceaux Castle is my favourite. It is almost the only castle left from which the son of the house, to take an airing in his pram, has just to cross the drawbridge which spans the moat surrounding the castle. Sir Paul Latham has

spent thousands of pounds on restoring and improving Hurstmonceaux, and the result is quite perfect. Elizabethan England comes to life again, and the furniture and hangings are all admirably in keeping. The gardens make flower lovers gasp enviously; lupins and azaleas are a riot of colour at the moment. I went home proudly believing that my two dozen lupins will equal the fifteen hundred planted in the wide beds of Hurstmonceaux!

Despite the endless stream of important, informal and débutante parties (one mother told me she and her daughter had been asked to a hundred and thirty of them—a truly staggering thought!) people still find time for what, strangely enough, they call “a quiet evening” at a restaurant or club. The Duke and Duchess of Kent are often to be seen at Ciro's, and they were amongst the first to enthuse over Milton Douglas, who has now become such a success that he is staying on week after week. In between his songs people shout out “Tell us a story,”—and he has many good ones. The Duchess of Rutland was with a party the other night and wore her necklace and cross of huge single diamonds with a simple black dress. With her were Lord and Lady Hartington and Lady Titchfield, whose expression of sweet serenity is the mirror of a singularly gentle, attractive character. She had on a softly draped dress of cyclamen mauve that went very well with her cendré hair, and when she got up to leave she put on a long coat of stiff black taffeta. The Duchess of Marlborough's dress was the gayest in the room, being printed with pink and green flowers in addition to a thick wreath of them slung across the shoulders at the back. Lord and Lady Plunket brought a party—she gets more sunburnt and more lovely every time I see her. Lady Jersey was swathed in lime-green chiffon, and Miss Merle Oberon wore her ruby and diamond necklace and bracelets with a dress the colour of a billiard-table cloth. Although wearing a simple flowered day dress Lady Mary Dunn took the floor for several dances, and others

—the sort of “quiet evening” I enjoy.

* * *

Straw everywhere—even in the hair—and furniture vans at soaring premiums loom large in many people's lives just now, and change of address cards litter every desk. Nothing is so exhausting as moving, and nothing is a greater fallacy than to imagine even for the most optimistic moment that any amount of preparatory organisa-



MR. ANTHONY NORMAN
AND HIS BRIDE

The marriage of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry and Lady Norman's younger son to Miss Anne Watson Hughes took place at St. Margaret's. The bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Hughes, of Pontruffyd, Denbighshire, and Grosvenor House, set up a new record as regards wedding attendants—there were no fewer than twenty in her retinue!

tion will make everything pop into its carefully - thought - out place as if by magic. What actually happens with frightening frequency is that the grand piano and Uncle Robert's gargantuan wardrobe (such a good grain, and the drawers “run” beautifully!) become inextricably entwined on the awkward landing on the first floor, and no amount of “To you, Bert,” and “Ease 'er over 'arf an inch” will relieve the block. The mere thought of a house-warming party

makes one shudder at this stage, but after the first agonies and gradually getting used to every knob, hook, handle and key working exactly the opposite way from the last house, there dawns a day when one begins to like one's new abode. In the early and much less painful house-hunting stages are the Roumanian and the Finnish Ministers. The latter used to live in Bryanston Square, where his English wife gave many delightful parties, and although the lease came to an end, Madame de Gripenberg is still hoping that she, her husband and their small daughter Joan may be able to return there later on. Another “about-to-move” is Sir Alfred Beit, who has practically decided on 15, Kensington Palace Gardens,

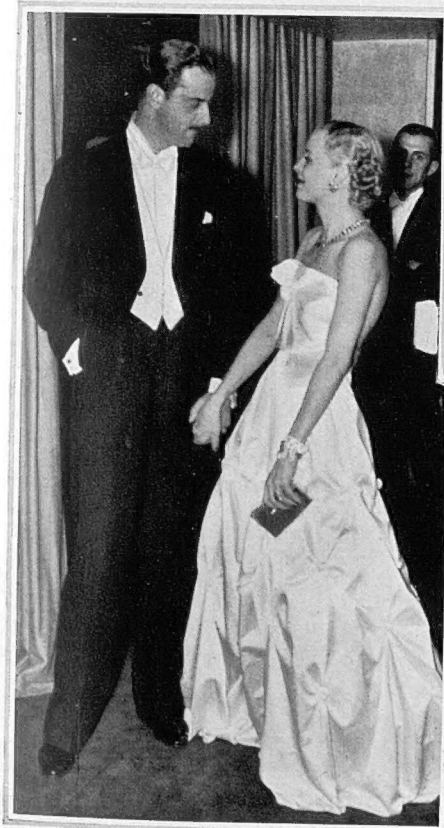
(Continued overleaf)



ARRIVING TO LUNCH WITH THE
YORKSHIRE HUSSARS IN CAMP

The park at Castle Howard in Yorkshire is the setting for this snapshot of Mrs. T. W. Fuller, Mrs. J. H. Goodhart, Mrs. W. V. Ritson and Lady Grimthorpe, Sunday luncheon guests of the Yorkshire Hussars. Major J. H. Goodhart and Mr. T. W. Fuller, the respective husbands of Mrs. Goodhart and Mrs. Fuller, are in the Regiment, and Mrs. Ritson's husband, Captain W. V. Ritson, 3rd Hussars, is Adjutant to Lt.-Colonel Lord Grimthorpe, the C.O.

to be seen were the Anthony Actons, who were in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, the latter in glittering black paillettes. Ciro's is smart and the food is excellent



AT THE ROSE BALL

The Hon. Eddie Ward, Lord Dudley's brother, and Miss Sandra Rambeau, whose satin crinoline filled many feminine hearts with envy. The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House raised money in advance for Alexandra Day (June 23)

PANORAMA—continued

although the final arrangements had not been settled at the time of writing. If he buys this house he will be lucky enough to own a large garden giving on to Kensington Palace field, whilst there is another open field at the side where sheep are now peacefully grazing.

The house, which has tall columns in Italian style, belongs to Mrs. Fooks, who is planning to turn the large garages at the back into a small house for herself, in which case she will use the private road that leads to the Palace itself.

I like the smug grandeur of Kensington Palace Gardens, and the gates at each end which are guarded by top-hatted custodians and locked every night on the stroke of midnight.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have entirely transformed the inside of the late Sir Robert Perks' house and have let it for the season to Mrs. Corrigan. Next door to them are Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, who have a tennis court in their garden on which I remember once watching Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen play.

Opposite the Cholmondeleys live the Lionel de Rothschilds at number eighteen, which was once Lord Lee of Fareham's house, and boasts an enormous panelled picture gallery built out at one side. The Rothschilds' country place is Exbury House, in the New Forest, where the Princess Royal was the guest of honour at one of their recent week-end parties, when part of the time was spent cruising in the Solent in Mr. de Rothschild's yacht. His collection of rhododendrons, azaleas and orchids are world-famous—and justly so—so that a tour of the gardens at Exbury at this time of year is an unforgettable experience, and one that greatly appealed to the Princess Royal, who is herself an enthusiastic gardener.

* * *
Pipers of the Scots' Guards have never danced to a more appreciative audience than the guests who gathered round to see them performing on the smooth, green lawns of the Abbey Garden, shared by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The brightest spots of colour were provided by the hosts in their scarlet cassocks, indicating that the Abbey is a Royal Foundation.

Clergy came from many parishes to meet His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, resplendent in purple, hovered among the guests for an hour or so.

Reels and sword dances were performed by four pipers in regimental dress, and turned out to be a real star turn for a garden party.

The Dean, whose black gown, worn over his scarlet cassock, had immense velvet sleeves, was surrounded with guests all the afternoon, one or two of whom, I thought, seemed to be wishing for an autograph!

A nice study in colours was presented by a dark-skinned bishop (I guessed Madras) in a bright purple cassock with his cross of office.

I saw Lord Salisbury, grave and top-hatted, in earnest conversation with one of the many clerical guests. I enjoyed the strawberries and cream, and I appreciated the menu, which was so long and varied that many an overseas guest took one away as a souvenir of an interesting party, and an inspiration for housekeepers overseas!

* * *
The Hon. James Smith usually gives good parties. He repeated previous successes the other night after *The Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden. Most of the opera fans came on to Eaton Square to meet a very hungry Flagstad and Jannsens! Those

who were absent (Lady Cunard was one of them, she had not been in her usual box at Covent Garden) were probably at Lady Ribblesdale's party at her house in Regent's Park.

Mr. James Smith, as usual, provided perfect refreshments, set out on a buffet and at small tables in a supper room.

Mary Lady Howe was lovely—the publicity she has received lately on her beauty is genuinely deserved—and had been at the opera with her son and daughter-in-law.

The same night Lady Weigall had the Royal Box at Covent Garden. Don't be surprised if you see her on her own feet instead of in a wheel chair at some party in the not far distant future. She has great hope that the trouble in her knee will soon be a thing of the past. I trust her hopes will be justified, for no one has shown more courage and let a disability interfere less with enthusiasm and general activity.

Talk and food, as usual, were the entertainment at Mr. Smith's party, and both were good enough to keep it going for some considerable time.

Sir Alfred Beit was one of the guests, and popular Lady Alexandra Haig, whose choice of plastic curls for a coiffure suits her quite remarkably well. She is working hard for the Anti-Dud Ball, which is going to be a tremendous success, on July 13.

Lord and Lady Herbert, Lady Dashwood, in all white (she wears black so often that I had to look twice to make sure of her identity), Lord and Lady Allendale, "decorator" Lady Colefax and "dancer" Lady George Cholmondeley were others who helped to make this party enjoyable.

* * *
Lady Hadfield had a party the same evening, and with a little manoeuvring the really musically minded were able to get to the opera, Lady Hadfield's and Mr. James Smith's.

Lady Hadfield's invitation to hear Jarmila Novotna, soprano star of the Viennese Opera, and Franz Osborn, of course, ensured a full house, and, expecting this, the hostess had the brilliant idea of providing blocks of ice to keep the concert and supper rooms cool.

Both the Belgian and French Ambassadors were at this party, and so was the Austrian Minister, and Lady Sassoon, neither of whom ever miss a good musical party.

"Singer" the Hon. Mrs. Fergus MacNaghten, "energetic" Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, and Lady Carisbrooke were among those who filled the gold chairs in the concert room.

* * *
The path of true love never did run smooth, as Sir Courtauld Thomson illustrated the other day when he told me that, on finding some of his fields at Dorney Wood, Burnham Beeches, had become a favourite parking place for young couples on Sundays, he had some large notices put up, marked "Private." To his horror these acted as an induced incentive, and the following week-end he could hardly pick his way through the crowd of recumbent forms! This little story led Lady Aberconway to suggest a sanctuary for lovers, as well as for birds, but I doubt very much if her kindly thought will ever be realised!

As the wife of the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, Lady Aberconway is exceedingly busy during the Chelsea Flower Show, for she escorts every member of the Royal Family round the exhibits. Her interest in gardening is not at all a superficial one; in fact her knowledge is really remarkable, and she sometimes goes all the way to her house in North Wales to see how some new bit of her garden is doing.



Alex Corbett
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE CROWN PRINCE
AND CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK

Who were in England for the Coronation, and drove in the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey. The former Princess Ingrid of Sweden, only granddaughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, whom she frequently visits, married the popular Heir-Apparent to the Throne of Denmark on May 24, 1935



LORD GAGE AND LADY CARISBROOKE BEAT LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH BEATEN BY THE HON. SOMERSET AND MRS. MAXWELL

The Lords have most consistently, if not quite brutally, beaten the Commons (at golf) ever since this tourney was first instituted in 1933. This year, however, they only got home by 5 games to 4 with one match halved, and the battlefield was Walton Heath on the old course. The match halved was the one between Lord Gainford and Miss Pease and Sir John and Lady Power, Sir John being the Member for Wimbledon. In the "Captains' match" the Commons were successful: Mrs. Alan Dower, wife of the Member for Penrith, was the captain of the Commons' side and Lady Cholmondeley led the Peers. She and her former polo-playing spouse were well and truly beaten by 5 and 4. This was not the only encounter where members of the same clan were pitted against one another, as Lady Headfort and her son, Lord Bective, were winners 5 and 3 against Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P. for Chippenham, and his sister, Miss Thelma Cazalet, the Member for Islington East; and there was also the battle between the Hon. Somerset Maxwell (King's Lynn Division) and Mrs. Somerset Maxwell against the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord Willoughby de Eresby partnered his sister, Lady Priscilla Willoughby. They are a son and daughter of Lord and Lady Ancaster. They lost their match against Lord Gage and Lady Carisbrooke by a hole. Anyway, winners or losers, everyone had a thoroughly good time in thoroughly good weather

(ON RIGHT) SIR LAMBERT AND LADY WARD BEATEN BY LORD BROCKET AND LADY BELPER

THE LORDS BEAT THE COMMONS AT GOLF



LORD BECTIVE AND MOTHER, LADY HEADFORT, BEAT CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET AND MISS THELMA CAZALET



LORD AND LADY CHOLMONDELEY BEATEN BY CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALAN DOWER



THE CINEMA

The Wanderer's Return

By JAMES AGATE

"IMITATION is the sincerest form of originality." "My dear, if floodlighting the imperceptible is genius, Virginia has us all beaten!" When I heard these two sentences I knew that I was once more in the Old World. What is more important is that I recognised that the Old World is perhaps not effete, but certainly tired. Sitting in an Hotel smoke-room while the hotel is dragged by a string across a wet desert unenlivened by any camel is a good opportunity for philosophy and reflection. Therefore have I spent seven days philosophising and reflecting. The most important of my reflections, and perhaps I ought to say discoveries, was this—that America puts a much juster value on its films than we do. Not once all the time I was in New York did anybody ever introduce films into the conversation. Indeed, I got the impression that the whole cinema industry is no more the concern of New York's educated than is Coney Island. People go to the films in millions, knowing them to be of no artistic importance whatever. They are excited and tickled by them, and are grateful to them in the sense that a man is grateful for a bottle of champagne or half a dozen whiskies. They are recognised as gratifying the senses and leaving the mind alone. In the course of my explorings I visited Radio City, and in the course of this could hardly escape seeing the latest Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers picture. I forget its name, but it is the film in which Astaire and Rogers do everything except dance. It is imbecile, boring, and a waste of talent. I imagine that in London it has been a terrific success. At Radio City it was met with icy disapproval, and the antics of a flesh-and-blood performing horse which followed it on the stage proper were held to be a welcome relief. On the other hand, *Captains Courageous*, which was playing to overflowing houses, and which people in America were going to see again and again, had, I understand, no particular success over here.

Looking back to my article on this page for May 5, I find I promised to say exactly wherein lies the peculiar vulgarity of the American mind. I am unable to fulfil this promise because another of my discoveries has been that the American mind is not nearly so vulgar as the English one. I found in New York a complete absence of our jaded and would-be Bohemian wit. I found a just appreciation of values in all the arts, and an amazing amount of energy and youthfulness. Is there money in steel-girders? Then let steel-girders be made by the million. Is there money in pictures? Then let pictures be made and sold to the million. And there is no more suggestion that a picture is a work of art than a steel-girder is. This suits me, for it is exactly what I have always said. Now and again a girder may be of good design and the girder-magnates raise no objection provided it costs no more, the excellence of the design does not impair the girder's efficiency, and its artistic appeal does not offend the million. It is exactly the same with a picture. So long as any beauty it may have come by does not impair its entertainment value or put the million off, why, then, let there be beauty. I think it is only proper to say that not once throughout the whole of my visit did I hear mention of any film-star, and that when I met Lilian Gish—she talked of nothing but the theatre.

Nevertheless, even the films should be given their due. I write this all the more firmly because I have just come back from the amazingly effective film at the London Pavilion entitled *You Only Live Once*. The story is really brilliant. Henry Fonda plays a young criminal who has done three stretches, two for crimes of minor importance and the last for being the driver of the car in a bank robbery. At the end of his sentence he marries a young girl, beautifully played by Sylvia Sydney, and both Henry and Sylvia henceforth determine to go straight. But you know how things are in cases like this. Nobody will let the boy go straight, and presently another bank outrage happens, the bank in this case being bombed, and the fact that Henry's hat is found among the wreckage proves his participation. He is condemned to death, and after many climaxes, each of intense excitement, is making his get-away in the fog and on the night of his



THE LATE JEAN HARLOW

All Hollywood, to say nothing of the cinema world in general, is in much grief over the death of one who was an ornament to her art in more ways than one. Jean Harlow's death is felt the more keenly since it has become known that an operation might have saved her life; but rather than let down the big film *Saratoga* upon which she was working with Clark Gable, she carried on. It has been decided to scrap this film, at a loss of £100,000. The Old English sheep dogs seen in the picture were two of the deceased actress's best friends

execution. A situation arises in which the Warden has to choose between opening the prison gates and sacrificing the life of the prison doctor. At this moment a pardon comes through, for it is now proved that Henry's hat was merely borrowed. But Henry will not believe this. Nor will he believe it when the prison chaplain, who has always been kind to him, vouches for the truth of it. In his frenzy he shoots the chaplain, and as somebody says: "You cannot keep a man in the death-cell for five months and expect him to listen to reason in five minutes!" The end is foreseen, for the whole thing has been a tragedy from the beginning. Or, if you like, a melodrama.

The film is magnificently produced by Fritz Lang, who shows imagination and sensitiveness at every turn. The photography is excellent, and the whole picture is subordinated to the general notion of the law's relentlessness. I know that this is a good picture because the people round about me were audibly moved to great emotion by it. Whereas a work of art would have had no such effect! This sounds nonsense, but it isn't.

* * *
Lost Horizon, the Frank Capra production which stars Ronald Colman, is now in the ninth week of its tremendously successful run at the Tivoli. *Wings of the Morning*, at the New Gallery, is also beating the weather. Annabella and Henry Fonda are the stars of this picture, which is from the novel, "Destiny Bay," and is the first technicolour feature to be made in this country. A Derby victory by Steve Donoghue is the climax to the story.

AT THE THREE COUNTIES SHOW AT HEREFORD



EXHIBITORS: LADY ESTELLA HOPE
AND MRS. NOEL DUCKER



CAPTAIN AND LADY LETTICE COTTERELL
AND (RIGHT) MAJOR H. P. RUSHTON



CAPTAIN AND MRS. H. A. CLIVE,
WHO LIVE AT HARTPUR, GLOS.



LORD SOMERS AND COLONEL
R. N. H. VERDIN (PRESIDENT)



LORD AND LADY CHELMSFORD AND A
FRIEND DID THE SHOW THOROUGHLY



LORD AND LADY HEREFORD,
WHO HAD NOT FAR TO COME

Photos: Truman Howell

Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire are the counties concerned with the Three Counties Show, which was held this year at Hereford, and had Lt.-Colonel R. N. H. Verdin as President. Colonel Verdin, who has a place in Herefordshire as well as Cheshire, married one of the Bolesworth Barbours, and used to command the Cheshire Yeomanry. Lord Somers, Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire, is President of the M.C.C. Other local notabilities present included Lord and Lady Hereford from nearby Hampton Court, Sir John Cotterell's son and daughter-in-law from Garnons, Major H. P. Rushton, and the Hon. Secretary of the Ledbury, Captain H. A. Clive and his wife. Captain Clive, brother of Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Clive, H.M.'s Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, is a former Master of the South Herefordshire. Major Rushton, Master and Joint-Master of the Worcestershire for eight seasons, owns a distinguished string of Point-to-Pointers as well as several winners under National Hunt rules. Lord and Lady Chelmsford were staying in the neighbourhood for the show, and so were Lady Estella Hope and Mrs. Ducker, who were in the money with their Shetland ponies

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

If man of all the Creator planned his noblest work is reckoned,
Of the works of his hand by sea or land the horse may at least rank second.

—LINDSAY GORDON.



LORD SEFTON AND LADY FURNESS
AT NEWBURY LAST WEEK

Two very well-known Leicestershire denizens, Lord Sefton, having acted as field master to the Cottesmore many times, and Lord and Lady Furness inhabiting Burrough Court, Melton, in the heart of the Quorn country

means nothing. To some it is just the number they write on their Tote Investor ticket. To some it is the name of their sister's last child, the place where they stayed for Whitsun, or the name the hairdresser told them. To the more erudite it is the Nap selection of some newspaper wizard, while to those who really study the business it is one of Tabor's or Smyth's which they won or lost on last time. They don't know whether it is a chestnut filly by Solario or a bay gelding by North Road Tom. It would occasion them no surprise to see on the card that it was a Prussian blue hermaphrodite by Mick the Miller. It is to these that I want to give an added interest in racing by explaining some of the intricacies and idiosyncrasies of the horse. The horse, then, if we are to believe old hieroglyphics and writings, is a very noble animal. His stamina, courage, hardiness and speed have become a byword wherever the Jewish language is spoken, while I have it on the authority of The Good Book itself that my contention is right, that he has a sense of humour, slightly broader in those days when he cried: "Ha, ha, at the smell of the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

The history of the equine speed machine that you invest (sic) your money on at a meeting is roughly this: Bred out of one of our hardy thoroughbred mares she was the apple of his breeder's eye, his other eleven hardy mares having either missed, been barren, died foaling, slipped twins or produced animals like deformed poodles. Bought at the sales at about a tenner an ounce, she became the apple of her new owner's eye and almost immediately began to show signs of her hardiness by going coughing. Before the beginning of March she had further strengthened the idea by developing filled joints which yielded to treatment and gave place to sore shins. By the time these had become callous and given her forelegs the same shape as a plantation nigger's, she had

W I T H such an enormous number of people going racing these days it follows that there must be a large proportion to whom the horse, *quâ* horse,

missed two engagements but was far enough forward to be tried. She came out of this with flying colours, and was due to connect with a race and a hatful of cash in a fortnight's time. Running on rather a severe course she showed her wonderful stamina by getting four furlongs really well and walking the last one. A selling at Epsom for her at the Spring meeting said the owner, an interval which just gave her long enough to show that she was a martyr to redworm and a course of treatment long enough to make her a non-runner at that venue essential. Three entries were made for her at the Epsom Summer meeting, where she gave a display of innate courage. No sooner did she hear the thunder of the captains and the shouting of Mr. McLean's "Five to one bun one," than she had a come-over in the paddock and appeared on the course looking as though she had just forded the Thames off Hungerford Stairs. "Nothing to do but go North with her for the lowest possible selling," said the owner. "Do they have anything suitable for her at the St. Kilda gathering?" Her sense of hearing being as keen as her sense of smell, she must have overheard the conversation, for it cannot have been mere coincidence which made her get cast in her box the day before she was due to go

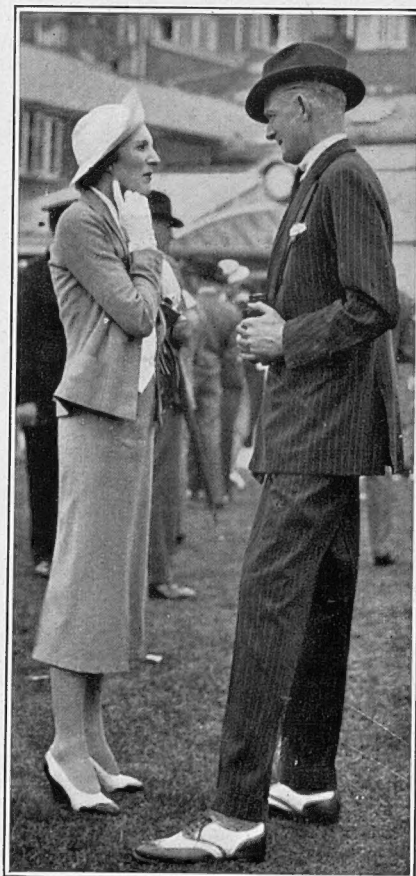


SMILIN' THROUGH AT NEWBURY: MRS. TIM FETHERSTONHAUGH AND MISS EVELYN RENNIE

The information is to the effect that they were "trying to find winners": the impression conveyed is that they had found them. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh is a daughter of Sir Harry Ross-Skinner and her husband, Captain Timothy Fetherstonhaugh, used to be in the 60th. Miss Rennie, one of the prettiest of the Newbury "locals," is the younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. George Rennie

North. At any rate, though her tact would not allow her to cry Ha, Ha, out loud, yet she was thus enabled to smell the battle afar off at Pontefract in the utmost comfort at Newmarket. After this meteoric career on the Turf, which had cost her owner several thousands of pounds and the public, through their touts' information, several millions, she was sold

(Continued on p. xx)



ALSO AT NEWBURY: MRS. REGGIE SHEFFIELD AND LORD WESTMORLAND

Everyone at Newbury was delighted to meet that most popular person, Lord Westmorland, looking his own man once more after his recent quite serious illness. The weather was the right kind to aid convalescence, bright and warmish

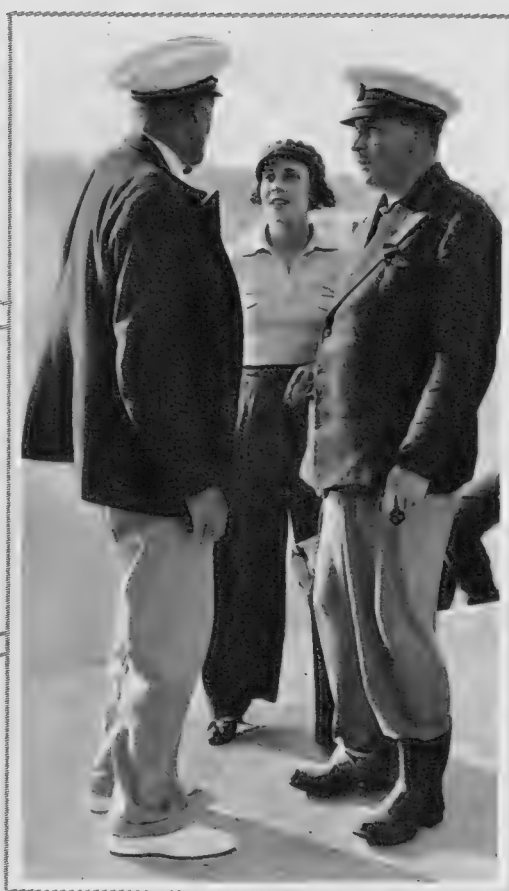
THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE REGATTA AT WARSASH



LT.-COL. ALAN SWINTON AND MR.
C. I. H. DUNBAR (SCOTS GUARDS)



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HAZELRIGG



LT.-COL. R. CURLING AND CAPTAIN
AND MRS. D. HOME



MR. DYKES AND
MRS. ELWES



CAPTAIN HUTCHINGS AND MR. CHRISTOPHER
AND LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS



LADY SUSAN
ASKEW

The Household Brigade Flying Club were the guests of the Household Brigade Sailing Club at Warsash on Sunday, June 6. The Sailing Club is situated on Sir Warden Chilcott's beautiful estate in that picturesque corner of Hampshire on the Hamble River, where, as many people know, a large number of yachts lie up during the winter. It is an ideal spot, with ideal surroundings. Of those in the above pictures, Lt.-Col. Alan Swinton has commanded the 1st Battalion Scots Guards since 1933, and Mr. C. I. H. Dunbar, who is with him, is the Battalion Adjutant. Lt.-Col. Curling was formerly a Gunner, likewise an Etonian, and Captain Home, who is in the same picture, is in the 2nd Battalion the Coldstream. Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, who is in another group with her husband, is the youngest of Lord Normanton's sisters. Mr. Christopher Jeffreys is in the Grenadiers. Lady Susan Askew is one of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters, and her husband, Mr. J. M. A. Askew, was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. The other lady in the background of the picture was not named.



Sasha

BEVERLEY NICHOLS
WITH ROSE AND CAVALIER

The well-known young author and journalist has revealed himself in a new sphere, for, in addition to the book and lyrics, he has written a very modern and elaborate musical score for his new revue, "Floodlight," which will be produced shortly at the Saville Theatre, with Frances Day, John Mills and Hermione Baddeley as the stars. The two cats in the picture were born on the first night of "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden: hence their names

The siege and surrender of Kut was, indeed, perhaps the darkest blot of mismanagement in the whole rather unfortunate Mesopotamian corner of the Great War. But the mismanagement did not belong to the Command, but to the totally inadequate preparations with which the Government side of the campaign was muddled and misdirected. And because it was so muddled and misdirected, the glory and the honours have been meagrely bestowed on the heroic soldiery whose strength and courage could at last no longer fight against the incompetency of those who not only underestimated the Turkish danger, but refused to take the advice and warning of those who knew what the expeditionary force in Asia would be up against. Consequently, it is a tale of heroism which never obtained its deserts of honour. The defence of Kut-el-Amara was, according to Lady Neave, the culminating failure of a campaign mismanaged by the General Staff in India from the beginning. And because it was a military failure, those who had only to obey suffered the most acutely.

This epic story of their sufferings, their humiliations, the cruelty, and the mental and physical agony of those who had perforce to surrender should have been told long ago, though it would be difficult to conceive of it being told better than as this interesting book has told it. Few of those who had to endure this barbarity are now left to tell the story themselves. Most of the very gallant defenders died of wounds, of starvation, of deliberate

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Epic Story of Kut.

IN Dorina L. Neave's vivid, terribly moving, but most interesting book, "Remembering Kut" (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), there is one poignant passage which perhaps explains the whole tragedy. It reads: "With no hope of acquiring any fresh reinforcements, the disastrous attempt to advance against vastly superior numbers with only 11,000 men was one of the greatest blunders of this deplorable campaign."

cruelty at the hands of the Arab friends of Turkey. Of those who had perforce at long last to surrender, very few ever saw England again. The rest died in agony, untended, or else were starved to death. The sufferings our men endured in certain of the prisoners' camps is infuriating to read—crying aloud for vengeance, especially on the unspeakable Musloom Bey, who was given the command of the camp at Afion. Here is a description given by Staff-Sergeant Bird of a typical form of punishment in this camp: "We were laid on the floor, each held by a Turk, and one after the other thrashed with a ryak. This weapon is made of hide, plaited like a rope, and treated with oil to keep it pliable." The Russian prisoners seemed to have fared even worse. Indeed, the only bright spot in this unimaginable tale of torture which the English prisoners had to endure after the surrender of Kut is that certain Turkish officials were considerably kinder than the rest; especially—as is always the case in this world—certain individuals.

Again, the very grimness of this tragedy of suffering and unimaginable hardship throws into brighter relief the "glory" of such men; as, for example, the late Major-General Sir Charles Melliss, V.C., whose kindness and sympathy at all times to those who served under him became at last a desperate fight on their behalf when, perforce, he had to share their captivity, without sharing in all their hardships. And again, the unceasing efforts of Mr. Brissel, the American Consul, was yet another jewel in the "individual's" crown. "He immediately made it his chief care to clothe and feed the men, braving the Turks' wrath. He was one of the many noble men who never received official thanks from the British Government for all he did. He sacrificed his life for the prisoners, for when visiting the insanitary camp he contracted cholera and died whilst carrying out negotiations

for their exchange. . . . He deserves to be remembered gratefully in every British history of the Mesopotamian campaign." How strange it is that when individuals are so Christian, men in the mass are so cruel! When so many individuals yearn for peace, the world is perpetually at, or preparing for, war.

Nevertheless, it is the account of such individuals which makes this epic story of Kut one of slightly relieved horror. Happily, too, Lady Neave has supplemented her own account with the actual experiences of several soldiers, still living, who went through the campaign and emerged from the ghastly experiences of imprisonment at least with their lives. And regarding these experiences, the following figures tell their own sad tale: "Of the total strength of the 13,309 of the men who had left Kut on the 29th April, 1916, including 277 British officers and 12,592 other ranks, more than 70 per cent. had died in captivity." Lady Neave's interesting, moving book explains the significance behind this tragic total of those who never came back. It is a story which does not, maybe, stand out in gilded lettering of British "victories," but it was a victory all the same. A victory of courage and endurance, shared alike by English and Indian troops, in the face of the most terrible cruelty and hardship. As such, a victory it will—and should—be always remembered by a grateful country.



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE, BACK FROM
THE ANTIPODES

The famous authoress who has recently returned from a tour in Australia and New Zealand, and whose exhibition of Australian wild flowers at the Redfern Galleries was a great success. The list of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's publications is a very long one indeed—far too much so to refer to in such space as is at the present disposal

Pleasant, Unimportant Reminiscences.

Without being especially remarkable as a volume of reminiscences, "Out of My Coffin" (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), by the Marchesa Stella Witelleschi (better known to most of us as the actress "Stella Rho"), is very readable, and certainly begins in a more startling fashion

(Continued on page 520)

AT VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA'S LITERARY "ROUT"



THE HOSTESS, LADY RHONDDA, GREET'S
MR. MORLEY KENNERLEY



MISS PHOEBE FENWICK-GAYE WITH
COLONEL J. A. M. BOND



CELEBRATED CELTS: SEAN O'CASEY
AND MRS. NAOMI MITCHISON



MR. "BILLY" COLLINS AND HIS
ATTRACTIVE WIFE



MISS E. M. DELAFIELD AND MISS LORNA
LEWIS ARRIVED TOGETHER



MISS ANNE GIMMINGHAM, OF "TIME
AND TIDE," AND JERRARD TICKELL

Viscountess Rhondda's recent evening party in Bloomsbury attracted a goodly gathering of intellectuals, among whom were many novelists, as well as others concerned with supplying the demand for good reading matter. Mr. Morley Kennerley, seen here shaking hands with his hostess, comes from America, is a publisher, and married Lady Simpson-Baikie's daughter. Mr. "Billy" Collins, brother of "I. G." and himself a competitive tennis player, carries on the publishing tradition in his family. He comes from Ayrshire and often returns to it. Colonel J. A. M. Bond, who used to be in the Life Guards, had plenty to say to kimona-clad Miss Fenwick-Gaye, author, at sixteen, of "Vivandière." Phoebe Fenwick-Gaye is now writing the life of one of her forebears, John Gay, of "Beggars' Opera" fame. Irish playwright Sean O'Casey and Scottish author Naomi Mitchison were photographed together. Lorna Lewis, who writes so charmingly about animals and practically lives at the Zoo, came to the party with the one and only E. M. Delafield, to whom innumerable readers are grateful, not only for her "Provincial Lady," but also for her funny ha! ha! articles in "Punch," signed E. M. D. Anne Gimmingham is the youthful assistant-editor of Lady Rhondda's highbrow weekly "Time and Tide." Jerrard Tickell, the young Irish author, wrote a best-seller in "See How They Run." Heinemann are publishing his new novel, "Silk Purse," in July, and as he had sold its film rights to Hollywood that very afternoon, he was feeling definitely elated.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

than any I have ever read. For actually she did write it out of her coffin! Had not her father stumbled while carrying the coffin of his baby daughter downstairs, the writer might have been buried alive! "He held the small coffin carefully in his trembling hands. They noticed suddenly that his steps seemed to falter; and as he turned round the narrow landing, the coffin hit against the banister and slipped from his hands. As it dropped at his feet, there came from it a tiny, muffled cry. In an instant my father was on his knees, and all was consternation. My aunt on the landing cried out: 'Stella is not dead. She lives! Oh, my God!—she lives!'" In fact, although a delicate child, the writer grew up into being a woman of more than average good health. Being on her father's side related to many of the Italian aristocracy, and on her mother's side to the ancient house of Cochrane-Baillie, she is well able to write upon life of the society of two countries. And if, later on, there is a little too much of this society, and a little too little about herself, the book will at least interest those who know the kind of life she describes, and the figures who once made this life so gay and brilliant.

For others, including myself, a greater elaboration of her own story, with its "dreams," its difficulties, its failures and triumphs, would have been welcome. The figures who make up the society of Rome, Paris and London are, almost invariably, so beautiful or witty, or both; their entertainments, dinners, luncheons, so lively and magnificent, that at last they seem to become pasteboard people in a pasteboard world. A little spice, a little "slashing out" here and there, a little criticism, would have made them and their world come more vividly to life—in a book, anyway. Apparently, however, on the death of her father it became necessary for the writer to earn her living. She approached the late Sir George Alexander. He gave her a walking-on part in his production of *Turandot*. Later on she appeared for years with Doris Keane in *Romance*. Once she was invited to act with the State Company at the Paris Odéon. Much to her disappointment, after her success there, this success had no effect at all on London managers. Not long afterwards she met in the London streets a well-known personage of the theatre. "I told him that I was just back from Paris, and of my association with the Odéon. I added confidently that I was now waiting for someone to come along with a splendid offer. From now on I expected only leading parts, I said. 'What makes you think that?' asked the man of the theatre. 'Just because you have acted at the Odéon cinema?'" Indeed, her theatrical reminiscences are more generally interesting than her social memories.

Wonderful Mrs. Patrick Campbell regretting that she was no longer young, for example. And pleasant little glimpses of Réjane, Marie Tempest, and others. Also, at least two rather remarkable stories of what looked strangely like clairvoyance. And another story, even more remarkable, concerning the resemblance between the writer's personal appearance and that of Botticelli's Piero de Medici, and the strange association of her own inner fears and the fate which befell that ill-fated Italian; so that reincarnation is strangely suggested. Indeed, "Out of My Coffin" is a pleasantly varied book of reminiscences, ranging from Italian Royalty (the late Queen

Margherita was her godmother) to . . . well, a rather surprising absence of an index. It never goes deeply into anything very much, persons, things, or events, and none of the experiences are very remarkable—at least, not outside the ordinary run of human life—but it is very readable and will pass most pleasantly some leisure hours.

A Soothing Story.

Personally, I rather like a novel to be about nothing—very much, so long as the author, unlike too many people in real life, can prevent nothing—very-much from becoming nothing-at-all! Not an easy matter. Listen to the generality of polite small-talk and marvel once again how much artificial brightness can envelop the intrinsically dull. In his novel, "The Staff at Simson's" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Frederick Niven has given us this nothing—very-much, but has succeeded in making it both readable and interesting. An uphill battle for the most part, because he has treated all his characters both gently and kindly, until they might easily have become no more exciting than cold mutton eaten to a conversation of platitudes. But they don't. Indeed, the staff at Simson's are a very pleasant lot to meet, and although one of them does give an invalid sister a fatal dose, the intention was so morally blameless that it is easy to take the long view and so consider it was all for the best, saving the poor girl years of suffering. Otherwise interest is concerned mainly on the usual common human stories of an office—in this case the office of a soft-goods manufactory in Glasgow.

One or two get married, a few are promoted, a few dismissed, a few leave and go abroad, one or two stay to work there for the rest of their lives. It is one of those nice, peaceful, homely offices wherein work never seems overwhelming, and employer and employees appear always to have time to get to know one another. And because all the men in the office are such nice men, and Mr. Niven has made them not only charming but very human, I became thoroughly interested in what happened to each of them. You may meet their like any day of the week, and certainly they abound in offices everywhere. But then, I like to meet people I know in a book—especially if they are convincingly drawn. There is something very soothing about this story—soothing without ever being once soporific.

Another Excellent Story.

"The Evil that Men Do" (Long; 7s. 6d.), by Glen Steuart, belongs, I suppose, to the "thriller" library of fiction. Yet nobody is murdered, nobody is hanged. It turns on blackmail. How a girl kept an appointment with a blackmailer of her brother, was attacked by him and, in defending herself, accidentally killed him. How nobody knew of this except the cook. How, when the girl married an attractive but rather unapproachable man, to whom she could never quite tell the full story of her life, she was blackmailed in her turn by the son of the cook—the only one who knew of the old scandal. It is an exciting and extremely difficult situation to handle without a crime being committed, but the writer does it, and does it well and convincingly. His novel is both full of suspense and unusually different from the average thriller-type of story.



FEODOR CHALIAPIN

Sasha

A recent portrait of the greatest singer Russia has ever produced, who next year will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage by special gala performances in the principal cities of Europe, leading off with London. Chaliapin was born at Kasan in 1873, and at one time served as a stevedore on the Volga steamboats.

TWO OF LAST WEEK'S WEDDING OCCASIONS



MR. AND MRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI AT LORD JERSEY'S SISTER'S WEDDING



MARRIED AT HESTON PARISH CHURCH: MR. ALEXANDER AND LADY ANN ELLIOT



LORD ST. ALDWYN KEEPING THE RAIN OFF THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL



MRS. TERENCE MAXWELL AND THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM DOWN AT HESTON



MR. VICTOR BASIL JOHN SEELY MARRIES MISS MARY COLLINS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. BALFOUR WERE AT THE SEELY-COLLINS WEDDING

On Tuesday of last week a country and a London wedding were important events in the social diary. The marriage of Mr. Alexander Elliot, younger son of the late Mr. Gilbert Elliot and of Mrs. Elliot, of 32, Portman Square and Hull Place, Deal, to Lady Ann Child-Villiers, younger daughter of the late Lord Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor, took place at Heston, a reception being afterwards held at Osterley Park. Lord Jersey gave away his sister, whose head-dress of white orchids was both original and becoming. Guests at this wedding included the former Miss Liza Maugham and her husband, Mr. Vincent Paravicini; the respective sisters of Lord Westbury and Lord Brougham; and the new Premier's daughter, Mrs. Terence Maxwell. Mr. Victor Seely, son of the late Sir Charles Seely, was married to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Collins's elder daughter at St. Ethelburga's Within Bishopsgate. The bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Allendale, lent 144, Piccadilly, for the reception



Truman Howell

SOUTH AFRICA BEAT WALES AT PORTHCAWL

The score on the first day's play in this recent contest was a tie, each side winning two foursomes and two singles. On the second day the South Africans won the foursomes 2-0 and the singles 4-2. In the group are:

Seated in front: H. R. Howell (Welsh International captain), A. D. Locke (S. Africa), J. M. Dykes (Wales) and Otway Hayes (S. Africa). In rear: Anthony Duncan (Welsh Guards—Army Champion), C. E. Olander (S. Africa), J. G. Hirsch (S. Africa's Manager), F. O. L. Agg (S. Africa) and J. Blandy (Wales—Championship holder of R. Porthcawl Club).

I AM writing this in the little club-house at Turnberry, and a sad task it is, for the flag outside is flying at half-mast for Bridget Newell. Her death was such an unexpected, such an utterly futile tragedy that it leaves one with few words to describe it. She was a gay soul who lived every moment of her life. Perhaps if she had not driven herself so hard for the last month, during which she was very far from well, she would in the end have had sufficient resistance to withstand the last sudden attack.

Bridget, to me, represented everything that is good in amateur sport. She tried desperately hard at times, but basically she played golf for fun, and that is how, unless your living depends on it, the game should be played. If she had lived, she might have won the Championship in the next five years, but nothing is more certain than that, if she had, she would have retained the same cheerful, carefree disposition that made her such good company in the past. She could never have become the traditional caricature of a woman golfer.

I had intended to devote this page to Bridget, but now, somehow, there seems so little to say. It avails nothing to recount the unfinished tale of her golfing exploits, or to tell of the work she was doing as a magistrate in Matlock. The story had only just begun: her work lay in the future. Suffice to say that her absence will eclipse the gaiety of all women's golf meetings, and that it will be many years before those who attend them will cease to miss her.

And so let us turn to the future. In a week or two the crowds will be gathering on the Southport and Ainsdale course again, for the Ryder Cup match. Our team has just been chosen, and appears to have given satisfaction as being about the best we could hope to field. I seem to be almost alone in my unenviable glory in suggesting that the Americans will win—but in my opinion they will prove to be the better

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

side, and I am not paid to base opinions on patriotism.

They are arriving five days before the match, and this year will probably be in something approaching full practice by the time the match is played. No one who saw the last match in this country and then saw the same players performing in the Open Championship ten days later could fail to notice the difference which those few extra days of practice had wrought.

It is a fact that we have won both the Ryder Cup matches that have so far been played in England, but it must not be forgotten how nearly we lost four years ago. If Densmore Shute, who was soon to be Open Champion, could have done the last hole—a drive and a mashie-niblick—in 4, the Cup would have gone back to the States. As it was, he took 6, and it stayed here.

I don't say that we have no chance of winning at Southport. If only our fellows can get in the right mental state for the match, I think we might well win. A number of our opponents, after all, will be over for the first time, and history has shown time and again what a difference that makes. Again, they will have to try to accustom themselves in three or four days to a ball that is substantially smaller than the one they habitually use—and anyone who has made the change from one ball



AT THE BATH CLUB MEMBERS'
GOLF COMPETITION

In this picture, taken at Prince's Course, Sandwich, where the Bath Club recently waged an internecine golf war, are Mr. John E. C. Gilliat and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, Mr. Bennett being the eventual runner-up

to the other will tell you how much harder it is to go from big to small than from small to big. After only a month in America, one returns to find that the British ball looks like a small, hard marble in comparison.

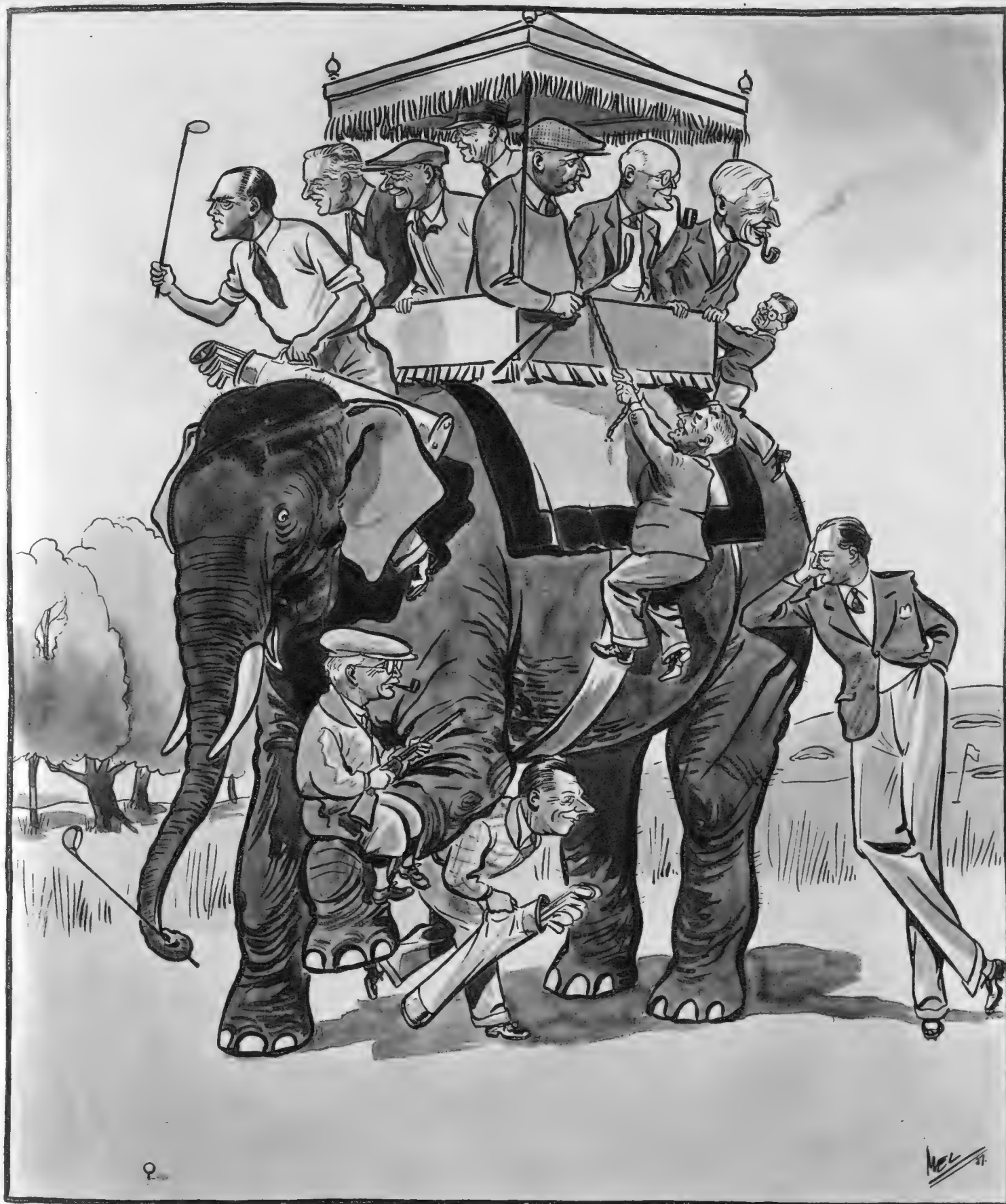
Another thing in our favour is the knowledge that the British team are not to engage in any of these farcical physical jerks on the Southport sands.



THE BATH CLUB HANDICAP CONTEST
WINNER AND HIS WIFE

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Zair snapshotted at Sandwich on the Prince's Club Course, where Mr. Zair beat Mr. Frank Bennett (see above picture) in the final of the singles at this family golf quarrel—played, incidentally, in first-class weather

GOLF AND GOLFERS



THE ALL-INDIA GOLFING SOCIETY—BY "MEL"

The All-India Golfing Society draws its members from those who have lived in that country which is supposed to have a coral strand, but has not, for more than six months, and from those who are actually living in India. The Society recently held a three-days' meeting at Moor Park, when various trophies were played for by the men and women members. Amongst those competing were many well-known personages, including Mr. Percy C. Burton, President of the English Golf Union, and Mr. F. A. M. Vincent, who was for many years Chairman of the Moor Park Golf Club

The key to the above picture is like this: (at top, l. to r.) L. A. Anstiss (Captain of the Society of Brookman's Park G.C.), P. C. Burton (President, English Golf Union), E. E. Coombs, F. A. H. East, F. A. M. Vincent, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., J. D. Sherston-Baker ("Sherty" to his friends, and winner of the Advani Cup in India in 1935), C. H. Falloon (Captain of Moor Park), A. R. Lovelock (Sec., Moor Park). The other four (l. to r.) are H. P. T. Lattey (an Hon. Sec. who has represented Ireland and India at Bisley), J. G. Leonard, W. Thomas (who likes to be known as the "office boy" of the Society), and A. Gifford Scott (who was Amateur Champion of Western India in 1935)

NEXT WEEK: HARROGATE GOLF CLUB.

TWO GOOD "IN-AID-OF"



SIR JOCELYN AND LADY LUCAS DOING
THEIR BIT FOR THE GOLDEN BALL



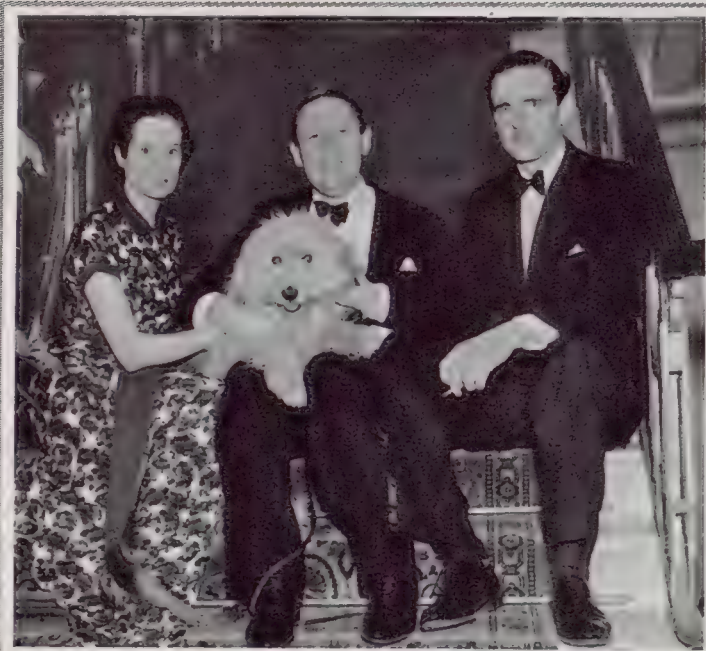
JACK HULBERT
AND CICELY
COURTNEIDGE
AT A CHARITY
FILM PREMIERE

OCCASIONS IN LONDON



MR. AND MRS. PETER HEBER-PERCY

Two of last week's many night-time events illustrate this page. Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy (she is Lady Shrewsbury's sister) were among those present at the Golden Ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Golden Square Hospital. Another notable happening was the premiere of the "Storm in a Teacup" picture, by which the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor benefited considerably. Stage and screen stars gave strong support, among them Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, now admirably teamed up again in "Take My Tip," at the Gaumont, Haymarket



ELSA LANCHESTER, CHARLES LAUGHTON, FILM STAR
SCRUFFY AND SCRUFFY'S OWNER, MR. B. BROWNE



JOHN B. MYERS, MRS. CLIVE
BROOK AND CLIVE BROOK



MISS MARGARET BRUNNER AND MR. ANTHONY
CROFTON AT SUPPER AT THE GOLDEN BALL



LADY ELIZABETH PAGET AND JOHN
SUTRO, FILM FIRST-NIGHTERS

Here are more members of the "Storm in a Teacup" audience, when proceeds went to the P.D.S.A. Don't miss Scruffy, the latest dog star, who came to see himself in this good screen version of the stage play and is also in "Wings of the Morning." Scruffy brought his owner, Mr. Bernard Browne, and they sat with the Charles Laughtons to be photographed. The Clive Brooks, Lady Elizabeth Paget, the Marquess of Anglesey's second daughter, and Mr. John Sutro also came under camera fire at the Leicester Square Theatre



“THE ABOVE HAVE ARRIVED”

By

H. M. BATEMAN



Bathing Song

(To the tune of "What are the Wild Waves Saying?")

"What are the wild waves saying,
 Brother, the whole day long?
 What is the tune they're playing—
 Is it a popular song?"
 "'Popular' just describes it,
 And the message is also true,
 For my medical man prescribes it—
 Guinness is Good for You."



G.E. 679



ST. CLEMENT DANES

By S. R. BADMIN, A.R.W.S., R.E.

St. Clement Danes is a church of ancient associations. The present fabric dates from 1680 and the earliest official record is a bill of indulgences and pardons issued to the "Bredren and Systren of Saynt Clement without Temple Barre of London" by Pope Leo X, who was Pontiff from 1475 to 1521—a period at which the English language as now spoken was emerging from a welter of Saxon with Norman ingraftings. One of our earliest, and therefore somewhat romantic, historians states that Hardacnut mutilated the disinterred body of his brother and predecessor, Harold, and flung the remains in the Thames, from whence they were removed and reinterred in St. Clement's cemetery, which was then the common burial ground of the Danes in this city. That dates to 1039. Strype, another venerable chronicler, makes out that after the victories that drove the Danes from the kingdom the remnants of the expelled race were forced to live in a Danish quarter between Westminster and Ludgate. An exhibition of Mr. Badmin's works is now on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street and will remain open until June 26

GOOD HEALTH!



Doctors advise Kia-Ora
Doctors drink Kia-Ora
Concentrated and Pure

Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit,
Lime Juice - 2/- a large bottle
Barley Lemon 1/9 a large bottle



Speaight

**H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER SONS
VISCOUNT LASCELLES AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES**

The above group of H.R.H. the Princess Royal Countess of Harewood and her two sons is in the nature of a memento of the Coronation, as H.R.H. is in the robes she wore on that great occasion, and Viscount Lascelles and his brother are likewise in their State dress. Lord Lascelles is at Eton and has shown much promise in the world of football, as he played for his house in the Lower Boy Field Game contest and did very well. He has inherited his not inconsiderable height from his father, who is over six feet, as also was his brother, the late Hon. Edward Lascelles, whose death in 1935 was a great grief to so many besides his immediate family circle. The Hon. Gerald Lascelles is eighteen months younger than his brother and was born in 1924. Both have inherited the family love of fox-hunting and are seen with the family pack, the Bramham, whenever opportunity and holidays offer.



CÉCILE SOREL: THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Above you see Cécile Sorel as she now appears at the Théâtre Michel in *Revue*. She made her début on the Paris stage in the "eighties." But who would believe it? The greater part of her brilliant stage career has been passed at the Comédie Française, of which she was a very great ornament

TRÈS CHER,—I will endeavour to rhapsodise about the Exposition 1937 when the last of the many unopened (at time o' writing) *Pavillons* has been inaugurated. I simply cannot bring myself to the stage of being thrilled by all these openings-on-the-installment-plan. So far, it has been a section here and another section to-morrow, and one supposes that, some day, the devil will take the hindmost. Meanwhile, however, the "Expo" is the pretext for Gala Dinners, Gala First Nights and Gala Parties all over Paris, so that the city has taken on the most festive air, with frills and flood-lighting a-plenty. The gardens and parks are verdant and lovely (you know my contention that

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

this is the greenest city in Europe), and the flower-beds of the public *Places* are a mass o' blossom. So nice and refreshing and all that. Dining in the Bois, or even just having "a snack" at one of the big cafés of the Champs-Élysées, is a pleasant way of spending the early hours of the evening, and don't forget that the famous Tour d'Argent now boasts of a roof terrace with a heavenly view over the river, the church of Notre Dame standing in the fore-ground and Paris stretching away into the dusky distance that soon becomes spangled with the lights of Montmartre. This famous pub—the Tour d'Argent—is closed on Mondays, by the way. Just now, while all these labour readjustments are taking place, it is wise for foreign visitors to Paris to make enquiries of their hotel *concierge* about such things, and they should remember, also, that there is a little weekly paper to be found on the bookstalls, *La Semaine à Paris* (of which an English edition is published), that gives one every kind of information about where to eat, what to see, *how much to pay* and where to stay. I get so many letters from people who ask me these questions that I publish the above information in self-defence. It's not that I don't want to reply, but it stands to reason that I don't try a different pub every night of my life . . . and, anyway, I hate the responsibility of giving advice in a personal letter to strangers.

We are looking forward tremendously to the British Season that will be given at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées under the auspices of the British Council, when the Vic-Wells Ballet will appear from June 15 to 20 with a programme composed of *Pomona*, *Rake's Progress*, *Apparitions*, *Façade*, *Les Patineurs*, and the "world première" of *Checkmate* will also be given. From June 22 to 26 *Candida* will be played, and how thrilled we are to see Diana Wynyard's name at the head of a company that includes Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, since we all became her admiring devotees from the first moment when we saw her flick on to the screen in the film version of *Cavalcade* that was shown here for months on end. *En attendant* the English performers, we have enjoyed the début of the Philadelphia Ballet Company, which has now gone to the London Hippodrome. This première also took place at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, since the theatre that was to exist within the precincts of the "Expo" is, of course, not yet finished. Personally, I have no quarrel with this ganging agley of plans. The big theatre in the avenue Montaigne is one of the finest playhouses in Paris, and well suited, with its spacious lobbies and stairs, to gala performances. Theatre managers complain that Parisians no longer dress to go to the play, but that is merely because so many theatres are cramped and lacking of space. It is no good to say that "before the war" or that "in the old days" one always dressed!

In those prehistoric times—that I recall so well—our clothes were of the fuss and feather order, and, so long as our frilly shoulders were seen, we were quite content to remain seated, like good little lassies, during the intervals. Since we cannot smoke in the auditorium, we have to go into the lobbies and foyer during the *entr'actes*, and we are certainly not going to risk having our best frocks half-torn off our limbs in the scrum that jostles and crushes us in cramped quarters. The "Champs-Élysées," therefore, is the theatre for important gala events, and all the American colony, led by its Ambassador, was there for the first performance of *Barn Dance*, *Aubade*, *Moment Romantique*, and *Terminus*, with which Miss Catherine Littlefield and her company opened their all-too-short season.—PRISCILLA.



SYLVETTE FALLACIER: STAGE, SHAKESPEARE AND THE SCREEN

Sylvette Fallacier is the charming actress who has appeared in so many Shakespearean rôles in Paris and who has been seen on the screen, in London, notably in the famous film, "La Maternelle." She has made her début on the music-hall stage in a song number with immense success at the "A.B.C." Her versatility, as may be gathered, is inexhaustible

HOLLYWOOD'S CORONATION CELEBRATIONS



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, DAVID NIVEN
AND BASIL RATHBONE



PETER HELMERS, ELISSA LANDI, DAME MAY WHITTY, MAJOR
BODLEY, BEN WEBSTER AND THE COUNTESS ANTHONY



RAYMOND MASSEY, ERROL FLYNN AND NIGEL BRUCE



MARY PICKFORD AND CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS

This is how the British film colony in Hollywood, aided by a strong and enthusiastic contingent of American cousins, celebrated the Coronation. The Coronation Ball was, we gather, at the Ambassador Hotel, and after it there were many and merry supper-parties at the Clover Club, the Trocadero, and other places. Mary Pickford and "Buddy" Rogers put in an appearance at the première of "Idiot's Delight" before going on to the other festivities. "Buddy" Rogers' newest film, at the time this goes to press, is "International Parade." Most of the other well-knowns in this page are also busy, and London has been seeing a lot of Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." That popular lady, Dame May Whitty, is the wife of the great stage veteran, Ben Webster

(ON RIGHT) MARGOT GRAHAM, LOUIS BORELL
AND SOPHIE TUCKER



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

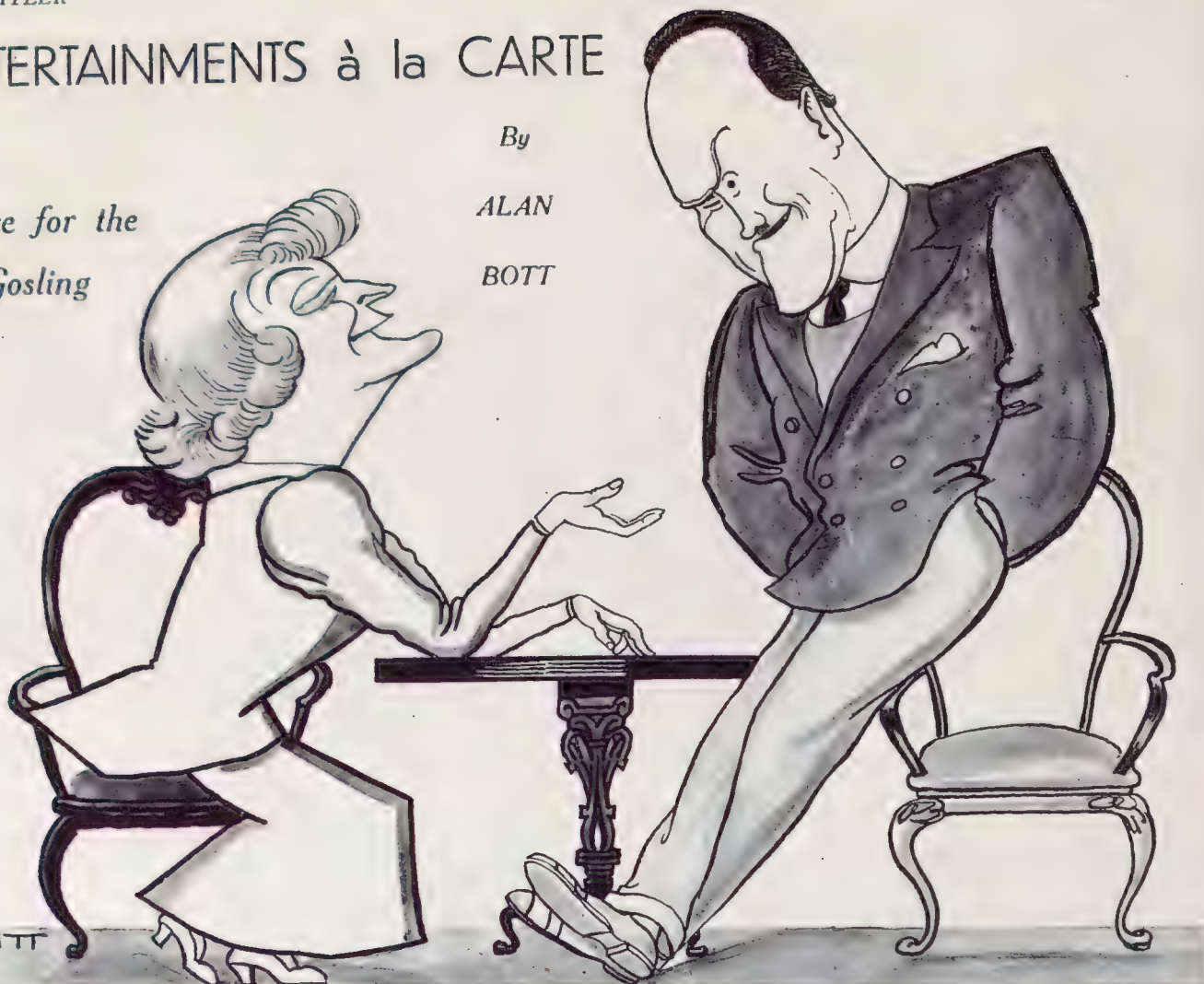
By

ALAN

BOTT

Sauce for the
Gosling

TOMTITT



MEMORIES OF THE DEAR, DEAD, BOHEMIAN PAST: SYBIL THORNDIKE, LEON QUARTERMAINE

THE name of this comedy, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*, comes from the rhyme about the girl who asked mother's permission to bathe and was told she could hang her clothes on a mulberry bush but not go near the water. A variation might fit the case more nearly—

"Mother, may I love my love?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

Love him hard and love him well,

But don't do more than you oughter."

That much has served as theme for other plays in which the daughter wants to get broken-in to marriage before matrimony happens. Sometimes the mother is an understanding one, in which case the daughter's rescue is all done by kindness and maternal guile. Sometimes she is merely a moralist, in which case the salvation comes through somebody else, a not-so-wicked uncle, or a Lilian Braithwaite aunt, or the former wife of the man in the case.

What happens, though, when a daughter knows that in the past her understanding mother did the very pre-matrimonial thing which she now opposes, and came to no sort of harm from it? Mr. Mark Reed, in whose play now at the St. James's the situation occurs, has decorated question and answer with deft invention and apt characters. They are apt, that is to say, to the author's America if not to the adapter's England. Mother,

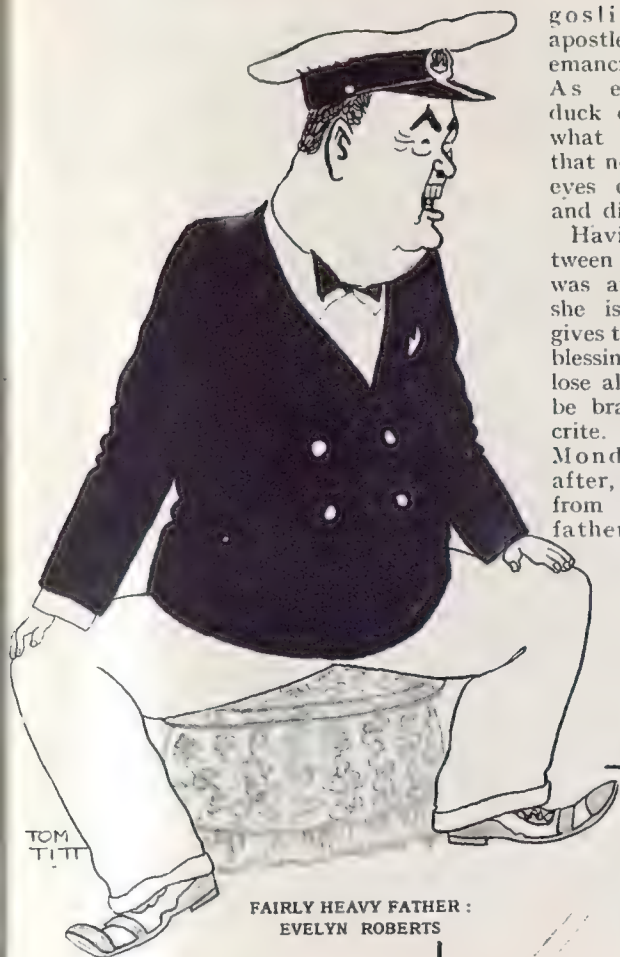
a novelist with a propagandist pen and a Suffragette past, happily married to jovial banker. Daughter, down from Oxford, and wearing the trousers of tasteful *négligé* while writing her newspaper articles.

Lover-to-be, a young man who, because of a job, must sail for New York on Monday morning, even though mutual love has not declared itself until the Saturday before. And, as cog in the plans of young lovers taking their chance for a single weekend in each other's arms, a frequently divorced sister-in-law, who is shocked at the thought that the daughter of the house intends to do what she herself has done often.

Thus far there is not much to animate a hot evening, despite bright bits of dialogue. It is in the second Act that the froth settles into firmness, when the author's maternal Anne tries to keep young Ellen from week-ending with her half-reluctant Douglas. It seems that at Oxford Ellen, with the help of a surprising don, prowled around in her mother's past, all for the sake of an essay on the Influence of Pre-War Bohemians on Freedom in Thought and Morals. She thus learned that in youth her brilliant parent, beyond going nineteen times to prison as Suffragette, lived heartily with a poet and revolutionary, who slept and told. See, there in the bookshelf is the very volume of verse wherein the poet wrote winged (if unrhymed) rhapsodies on their love-nest in Fitzroy Street, mentioning his Anne by name. What was sauce for the pre-war goose is sauce for modernity's



DITHERINGS OF A DIVORCÉE: MARGARET BANNERMAN



FAIRLY HEAVY FATHER:
EVELYN ROBERTS

gosling. Can an apostle of woman's emancipation recant? As easily as a duck can swim. But what of the scorn that now rises in the eyes of a daughter and disciple?

Having hesitated between the woman she was and the mother she is, Anne finally gives the week-end her blessing, rather than lose all authority and be branded as hypocrite. And so to the Monday morning after, with comedy from a fairly heavy father waiting to

Right the Wrong with clergyman, special licence and, for wedding present, a honeymoon on the *Queen Mary*; irresistible comedy from young Douglas being shocked to the conventional core because the family knew about the week-end but did

It is as though clam-chowder were served in an English menu and called oyster-soup. It is as though (Eng.) were added to most of the references to London. This would have been a much more persuasive production if the management had been content with the American original, racy colloquialisms and all; or better still, if Mr. Ackland had happened to think of the idea himself and been author in his own right.

Persuasion apart, there remain smooth but sparkling situations, dialogue with a lively rattle, and an able cast headed by Dame Sybil Thorndike, whose talent for seeming natural in a fuzzy-wuzzy household brings about a suspension of disbelief during most of the time when the mother has her say. Jessica Tandy gives earnest attraction to the daughter. Mr. Evelyn Roberts, the father, booms and splutters with engaging gusto. Mr. Leon Quartermaine

puts steady charm into the ungrateful rôle of the ex-poet turned literary agent, whose purpose is gently to rake the ashes of an ancient ecstasy that is wholly dead. Mr. Alec Clunes does a first-class character-sketch of the young and faintly gawky lover. Miss Margaret Bannerman is agreeable enough in her ditherings of a divorcée. The theatre is the St. James's

not prevent it; and qualified comedy in young Ellen's resentment against the wrong-righting.

It was highly successful in New York and should be passably successful in London. The difference in adverbs is a result of the sea-change between the American and English versions. Mr. Rodney Ackland has perhaps adapted the play as well as it could be done without changing its characters from the bottom up and taking big liberties with Mr. Reed's original. Meanwhile, they remain American in essence, despite English accent, English colloquialism, and talk of Suffragettes and of the chatter that was Chelsea and the swishing that was Soho when Soho and Chelsea were what Bloomsbury all but is. For instance, that lover-poet who sang of his mistress and his insistent Bohemianism was surely no native of Fitzroy Street, W.C.1. And I will award a scholarship at Somerville to any young woman who can unearth an Oxford don (he is a male, one at that) willing to collaborate with a girl-student in digging up details of her mother's personal past. No, the whole spirit of this dear, dead, radical Bohemianism of yesteryear, to which there is so much harking back, belongs not to the Café Royal but to New York's Greenwich Village, circa 1912-1922. (What was it that a Manhattan ballad-monger wrote of the phase?—

Way down south in Greenwich Village—

That's the place for cultured tillage.

There they have artistic ravings, Extra-matrimonial cravings.

There the women do the courting.

There the girls are self-supporting—

Oh, the ladies buy the cats around Washington Square.)



YOUNG LOVE AT ODDS WITH ITS FUTURE:
JESSICA TANDY, ALEC CLUNES



Cumming

AT THE SOUTH DORSET PUPPY SHOW AT THE KENNELS, BERE REGIS

It has been many times and very truly said that foxhound kennels are the coldest places in winter and the hottest in summer, and the South Dorset had more than an average bit of sun for their always interesting annual party, and, as will be noted from the following list, many well-known M.F.H.s were there, both to judge and look on. The names in the group are (l. to r., front row): Rev. C. L. Kennaway, Major Barclay (M.F.H., Puckeridge; a judge), Colonel Part (joint M.F.H., Herefordshire; a judge), Mrs. C. A. Wellesley-Wesley (joint M.F.H., South Dorset), Mrs. Simmons (M.F.H., South Herefordshire; a judge), Miss Eastment, Capt. C. A. Wellesley-Wesley (joint M.F.H., South Dorset); (l. to r., standing) Mr. Debenham, the Rev. E. A. Milne, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. R. Tory, Mr. Eastment, J. Cobby (K.H. of the S. and W. Wilts), Colonel Sir J. Lees, Mr. Chaldicote, Mr. A. H. Higginson (joint M.F.H., Cattistock).

"O for the rarity of human charity under the sun!"

IN a recent and highly interesting speech, our most excellent Secretary of State for India made some thoughtful remarks upon our general policy towards the Playboys of the (North) Western World (of India). Lord Zetland said that, briefly, it aimed at improving the economic position of the tribes and at introducing by degrees a modicum of civilisation without interfering unduly with the tribesmen's management of their domestic affairs.

Never were truer words spoken, and I feel that, even though Lord Zetland's experiences of the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem were confined to that highly dangerous spot, Bengal, he knows his subject.

We interfere so little with their domestic affairs that we shut our weather eye to the many feuds between the Montagues and the Capulets of that exciting region, and even when we know that Yakoob Khan or Ismail or Daud only wants leave to go and blow the top of the head off Ibrahim Mahomed or Yasin Khan, we let him go, and when he comes back,

smiling and polite as ever, only ask him whether he has had a good time.

If he doesn't come back we know, with equal certainty, that Ibrahim or Yasin has been a bit quicker on the draw, and not knowing the rights or the wrongs of it, and liking Yakoob immensely, we regret it all exceedingly and wish it had been the other way about. For Yakoob is a good sort, even if he has very primitive ideas about how to deal with the Capulets, and also Hindu bankers, who may get troublesome about his overdraft, and Bunnias, or usurers,

Pictures in the Fire



Truman Howell

WITH THE SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY

A group of distinguished officers who were down to inspect this Cavalry unit in camp at Porthcawl

The names are: Major R. H. O. Hanbury, M.C. (second in command of the 15/19th Hussars), Major Sir Alfred Hickman, Major-Gen. Gervase Thorpe and Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry Jackson, K.C.B., the G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command. Sir Alfred Hickman, who used to be in the K.D.G.s, is attending his last camp—he retires shortly on reaching the age limit. Major-Gen. Gervase Thorpe, who is G.O.C. Welsh Area, is a former Argyll and Sutherland Highlander



Crisp

THE CAMBRIDGE XI. WHICH BEAT THE ARMY

The University side gave the Army a heavy trouncing in this three-day match at Cambridge. In their first knock Cambridge made 395. The Army made 265 and 146. Cambridge collected the odd 17 for no wicket

The names in the group are (standing): W. E. G. Payton, G. S. Carmichael, T. W. Fraser, W. M. E. White, R. G. Hunt and A. H. Brodhurst; (seated) A. F. White, J. H. Cameron, N. W. D. Yardley, F. A. Gibb and D. C. Rought-Rought



AT THE OXFORD UNION PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE

This group was taken the day when the momentous motion was: "That this House welcomes the Government's rearmament programme as a vital contribution to world peace." The motion was rejected by 152 to 142, despite the fact that a distinguished visitor, Sir Samuel Hoare, spoke in support!

The names in the group are (back row): the Steward, Mr. Max Bedoff, Mr. A. W. Fyfe, Mr. M. P. Solomon, Mr. C. P. Mayhew, Mr. A. W. Wood, Mr. Ronald Bell, Mr. R. H. Walton, Mr. E. Jones, Mr. E. A. Bramall and Mr. C. G. P. Smith; (in front) Mr. Ian Harvey, Mr. Gordon Murray, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Patrick Anderson, Mr. P. Noel Baker, the Rev. C. M. Chavasse and Canon C. Jenkins

By "SABRETACHE"

who have given him money to run his holding at cent. per cent. interest. Being rather lawless my

own self, I have always had a sneaking sympathy with Yakoob Khan. Some of the people he does in quite painfully have absolutely asked for it. Not that I hold with crucifying even a Bunnia upside down and peeling an inch of skin off him per day till he consents to abate his usances—far from it: but, after all, you have got to take things by and large and allow for feelings being rather exasperated on occasion. No one excuses Yakoob

for killing the wounded in the way in which he does, or from doing that which some of us know he and his womenfolk do before the poor foeman is even half-dead. Far more civilised persons have burnt people at the stake, and some of those who have suffered from Yakoob, have ere now tied him up in his greasy poshteen and then put a match to him. It is so difficult sometimes to know what anyone will do when all het up: very different to what he would do in his calmer moments.

All war is apt to be primitive, and I do not think that Yakoob's methods are as bad as poison gas, which is supposed to be more or less civilised. Killing a man when he is down, whether you do it with a disembowelling knife or with poison gas, is not a gentleman's job any old how, and there ought to be some Queensberry rules for warfare; but, unhappily, there are not.

(Continued on page xviii)



Crisp

THE ARMY SIDE OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

As may be noted from the few cursory remarks under the opposite picture of the University XI., Cambridge carried far too many guns for the Army side, which went down on the recent marauding expedition

The names in the above group are (standing): R. Page, H. E. Scott, R. H. Hewetson, I. H. Freeland, W. V. H. Robins and C. T. Orton; (seated) G. S. Grimston, F. E. Hugonin, R. G. W. Melsome, J. W. A. Stephenson and L. T. Grove



AT THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE PUPPY SHOW

The South Oxfordshire are said to have had a very nice entry on the flags at Stadhampton, and Lord Knutsford, Joint-Master V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's), and Lord Ashton of Hyde, Jt. M.F.H. (Heythrop), had an enjoyable day judging them. The names in the picture are: Lord Ashton of Hyde, Mrs. E. G. W. W. Harrison, Lord and Lady Knutsford, Mrs. A. C. Elliot and Lt.-Col. E. G. W. W. Harrison (Joint M.F.H.s, South Oxfordshire), and Lady Ashton of Hyde

A FINE DAY FOR THE FOURTH OF JUNE

Who was Who down at Eton for
King George III.'s Birthday Celebrations



J. L. DARELL, MISS PAT TURNER
AND MISS GRAHAM CLARKE



THE HON. ARTHUR CORBETT AND HIS MOTHER,
LADY ROWALLAN, ON AGAR'S PLOUGH



THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH
AND MAJOR STANYFORTH



THE HON. OLIVER BECKETT AND HIS
MOTHER, LADY GRIMTHORPE



LADY FORRES AND HER SON, THE HON. JOHN
WILLIAMSON, ALSO WATCHING CRICKET

It is Eton's pride that there should be a certain sameness about every Fourth of June, but this year the sun did make a difference. There was also the opening on Agar's Plough of the Old Etonian Association refreshment house—a converted barn—by its donor, Lord Willingdon, President of the O.E.A. and Eton Ramblers. For four retired Colonels, Lord Vivian, Lord Francis Scott, Colonel H. Pryce-Jones and Colonel L'Estrange Malone, perhaps the greatest event of the day was meeting each other. The last time they were all at Eton on the Fourth was in 1897, when they dressed themselves up as heralds to greet Queen Victoria on her State drive from Slough to Windsor during Diamond Jubilee celebrations. Lord Francis Scott is an uncle of the Duchess of Gloucester, who, with the Duke of Gloucester, an old Etonian, came down in time to see the Procession of Boats and joined the Duchess of Buccleuch's family party, staying for the fireworks. Major Ronald Stanyforth, Comptroller to the Duke of Gloucester, captained the Eton Ramblers' Second XII. and J. L. Darell played for Eton Second XII.; this match, like the First XII. contest, was drawn. Among many pretty girls, one of the prettiest was Lord Wemyss' débutante granddaughter, Miss Mary Rose Charteris



MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS
AND JONATHAN BLOW

"No faults!"



DEWAR'S

"White Label"

JUNE 16TH

Up early, and privily tried my new velvet hat and racing suit, which do become me excellently well. After breakfast, with my wife to Ascot by hired motorcarriage, this costing me a tidy sum. And when we arrived, my wife began so roundly to condemn those fashions which displeased her, that I asked if we were come to see horses or ladies' frippery. What with this, and the ill-chance that my first three horses turned out sorry, knock-kneed, short-winded laggards and loiterers, our day had been spoilt had I not bethought myself of refreshments. And after she had drunk a Gin and Tonic Water and I a Whisky with Ginger Ale — both Tonic Water and Ginger Ale being, thank heaven, of Schweppes — she regained a more level temper. Which I attribute to the cool solace and bright-bubbling liveliness of these refreshing drinks. And Lord! what a mercy to find Schweppes, and not some flat table water as dull and brackish as a mud-pond!

PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION



BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS



TAXI!

By

J. LEIGH-PEMBERTON



THE CALEDONIAN

By CLIFFORD HALL

Amongst the many famous marts in this city none is much more so than the one in Caledonian Road, of which Mr. Clifford Hall's picture gives us so colourful and convincing an impression. The Caledonian Market enjoys the reputation of being able to provide the wishful and discriminating purchaser with almost everything under the sun, and many are the tales of valuable treasures having been picked up for the price of the proverbial old song—furniture, old plate and silverware, embroideries, and china and glass, to make no mention of the thousand and one other things



CALEDONIAN MARKET

ST. MARK'S HALL

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A LADY IN BLACK

By

G. SPENCER WATSON, R.A.

A GRAND FINISH

... AT WHITE CITY



AT THE FINISHING POST by Gilbert Holiday

Greyhounds flashing over the line . . . the trained eye of the judge picks out the placings with micro-meter-like precision . . . numbers appear instantly on the result board . . . a green light flashes O.K.

There is no thirty second thrill in the world to equal a greyhound race, and here Mr. Gilbert Holiday illustrates a typical finish at White City

The Greyhound Derby takes place this year on Saturday, June 26th

ANOTHER BEAR

IN THE RING



(LEFT) FRANK; (RIGHT) ALICE,
OWNER, LORD TREDEGAR



SHORT RANGE WORK



A LOW ONE BY FRANK



A RIGHT SWING MISSES



ALICE RETREATS



SPARRING FOR AN OPENING



BREAK AWAY, PLEASE

Lord Tredegar's pet bear, Alice, and Frank, dog, on the strength at Tredegar House, were brought up together, and are the very greatest of friends as will, no doubt, be gathered from this almost cinematic record of a friendly bout in Tredegar Park. This little turn is always a source of much amusement to Lord Tredegar's house-parties, and the actors seem always to be willing to oblige and do their stuff. Alice, from her white collarette, looks as if she might be of Himalayan Highland descent. Frank's pedigree has not been transmitted



GOING INTO A CLINCH

Photos by Truman Howell



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"A LADY AND HER HOUNDS": MRS. WILD RICE AND SOME BORZOIS

When the cheery hosts of Surtees' novels called upon a guest to give the toast of "a Gentleman and his Hounds," they were referring to fox-hounds: the Borzoi, though used to-day almost exclusively for decorative purposes, was originally kept for hunting everything that would run before him on steeps, steppes, staircases, or anything by the jovial Cossack. Mrs. Wild Rice is a breeder of these attractive dogs and she is to be a judge at the Taunton Dog Show to-morrow, June 17

A FARMER stood watching the golfing novice trying to hit the ball. Earth was flying in all directions, and the would-be golfer's face was crimson.

He had to say something to cover his embarrassment. "The worms will think there's an earthquake," he murmured.

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, "the worms are crafty little beggars round these parts. I guess most of 'em be 'iding under that ball for safety."

The memory expert had been giving his turn in the village hall. The audience had not been very enthusiastic, and the questions asked at the end of the show infuriated the man.

When one dear old lady came up and asked him to what he attributed his remarkable memory, he thought it was time to call it a day.

"Well, madam," he explained, with a straight face, "when I was in the Air Force I once had to make a record parachute jump from a height never before attempted. Just as I jumped from the 'plane, the pilot leaned over the side and yelled: 'Hi, you've forgotten your parachute!'"

"And, believe it or believe it not, madam, that taught me a lesson, and I've never forgotten anything since."

A small slum child was sent into the country to recuperate after an illness and was ordered a glass of new milk every day to "feed him up." On the second day, however, he refused the milk, and when asked why he replied:

"In London we gets our milk out of a noice clean bottle; dahn 'ere you gets it out of a dirty 'ole cow!"

A man asked his employer for a rise. He said that three companies were after him, and as he was a useful sort of chap in his job, he got his rise. It wasn't until some weeks later that his boss found out that the three companies were the gas company, the electric light company, and a furnishing company.

A little girl was cuddling a kitten in her arms and talking to it. After a time her mother stopped what she was doing to listen to the child's prattle.

"Kitten," said the child, "I know all your little sisters and brothers, an' I know your mummy, but I never seen your daddy. I 'spect he must be a commercial traveller, like my daddy."

The new minister, on a round of visits, arrived at a farmhouse. He was asked if he would like something to drink—a cup of tea, perhaps?

"No tea for me, thank you."

"Coffee, perhaps?"

"No coffee for me, thank you."

The old farmer whispered, "Whisky and soda?"

"No soda for me, thank you."

Two men walking through some fields met a farmer with his dog. The dog sat down and began to howl.

"What on earth's the matter with that dog?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, he's just lazy," replied the farmer.

"But there must be something wrong for him to howl like that."

"Oh, no. He's sitting on a thistle, and he's too lazy to get up!"

AN AMERICAN STAGE ASPIRANT:
MISS VIRGINIA ROUTH

Miss Routh is the daughter of a well-known American publicist. She is studying for the stage in London in preference to adopting a screen career, which already lies open to her. A frequent visitor to the Lido and the South of France,

Miss Routh is fluent in four languages

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AT THE ST. GEORGE'S HILL TOURNAMENT

From the left, the Hon. Peter Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's racing-motorist son; Mlle. Jedrzejowska, lady champion of Poland, who won the singles; Jack Lysaght with his monkey, Pepito; Lady Catherine Ramsden and prize Peke; Godfrey Winn, who partnered Lady Catherine in the mixed and Jack Lysaght in the men's, and Miss Billie Yorke, just back from retaining her doubles championship title in Paris with Mme. Mathieu. Winn and Lysaght, the ex-Oxford Blue, were only beaten in the semi-final at St. George's Hill by H. G. N. Lee and Ritchie

I HAVE had so many disagreeable things to say recently about the weather conditions under which our early season tournaments have been held that it is with the greatest pleasure that I am able to record that the St. George's Hill meeting, for the first time as long as I can remember, was blessed with un sullied sunshine from the first day to the last. And if any tournament deserves to be rewarded with pleasant playing conditions, it is surely this one. For I do not know a club in England, outside Wimbledon of course, which possesses better grass courts. And I am speaking collectively of the whole ground, and not simply considering the tournament in terms of the two centre courts, as the stars are inclined to do. But St. George's is equally a paradise for the rabbits, especially as they receive new balls for their handicap matches. In addition, the club officials are equally charming to everyone, irrespective of whether they have come from California or Clapham, and have six racquets, and have to be fetched in a car, or have come under their own steam, and brought a packet of sandwiches in the tarpaulin jacket that protects the head of their only bat.

That reminds me that a spectator asked me, during the final at St. George's Hill between Alice Marble and Miss Jedrzejowska, whether Miss Marble would be playing at Lord's. To which the obvious retort was, "No, but she will be playing at Queen's." As I imagine she will be, for by the time this appears she will be performing at Beckenham, and I believe that she intends pursuing her policy of playing competitive tennis every week up to Wimbledon right until the end. In this I think she is extremely wise, and I give her trainer, Miss Tennant, full marks for being so philosophical about her protégée's triple defeats. After all, wasn't Helen Wills Moody utterly routed by Kay Stammers at Beckenham, and did that prevent her from winning the Championship for the seventh time of asking three weeks later? Side line critics are too inclined to leave out of consideration the vital factor that not only are the courts at Wimbledon the fastest in the world, which will suit someone with an aggressive service and flat forehand drive like that of the present American Champion; but also the atmosphere is far more stimulating than at any other championship meeting in the world. And



Bassano

GEORGE PATRICK HUGHES

The famous British Davis Cup player who has represented England since 1931 and who will again be very much in the picture when the challenge round starts at Wimbledon on July 24. In the recent French Championships Hughes was beaten by H. Henkel, the ultimate winner, in the fifth round of the singles. In 1933 he won the French doubles championship with F. J. Perry, with whom he also won the Australian doubles championship

discounted, since water-polo was the only outdoor game suitable for that particular afternoon. All the same, I was extremely surprised that Miss Marble did lose to the Polish Champion, for at one period of the game she was set up for a point for a

(Contd. on p. xxvi)

LAWN TENNIS

By "RABBIT"

atmosphere, when you are dealing with players of that class, is of tremendous significance. For just as it is always said that in the theatre an actress like Fay Compton gives a transcendent performance on a first night that she never surpasses during the rest of the run, and seldom equals, so can it be said with equal truth that a player like Helen Jacobs is inspired by the Centre Court backcloth to give a series of performances that must surprise even herself sometimes. That is the real reason, incidentally, for her tame defeat in the Paris Championships. Many excuses were given: she was out of practice; she was in the hands of the doctor for a strained shoulder. But underlying all these surface reasons is the real truth: inspiration was lacking. And, for my own part, I should not

be in the least surprised to see Alice Marble confound all her British critics, who have been extremely snuffy about her chances, when she steps on to that emerald isle, that seat of majesty, that throne of queens, for the first time.

Meantime, Miss Marble is taking her set-backs with charming good manners and a philosophical smile that does one good to see, used as one is to the tantrums and lack of control shown by some of our own players when defeat comes upon them as come it must to almost all, now that competition is so keen. And, after all, it is no disgrace to lose to either Señorita Lizana or Miss Jedrzejowska, and her defeat by Miss James can be frankly



Bassano

MISS FREDA JAMES

A very fine doubles player who may well again win Wimbledon honours. In 1935 Miss James won the All-England doubles championship with Miss Kay Stammers, having been runner-up in 1933. She has also represented England in the Wightman Cup. Miss Freda James lately had the distinction of beating Miss Alice Marble, the young lady champion of America

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PRINCESS ROSPIGLIOSI-PALLAVICINI



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THE HON. MRS. MANSEL CHILD-VILLIERS



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MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. H. J. M. SAYERS



Hay Wrightson

PRINCESS TATIANA WIASEMSKY AND ROY

Easy to look at and nice to know is a description which fits all four occupants of this page. The very attractive wife of Prince Guglielmo Rospigliosi-Pallavicini is Lord Acton's third sister. She has lived in Italy since her marriage, and has a son and daughter, Prince Ludovico and Princess Jeanne, aged respectively three and nearly two. The Hon. Mrs. Mansel Child-Villiers, formerly Miss Barbara Frampton, has been married to Lord Jersey's only brother for three years, and their family consists of a sturdy young son who answers to the name of John. Mrs. Sayers was Miss Sheila Stephenson until last Wednesday, when she married Mr. Herbert James Michael Sayers, R.A. She is the second daughter of Mr. W. L. Stephenson, owner of the racing yacht *Velsheda*. Débutante Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky, who has already been to many good parties, is particularly looking forward to June 24, when her grandfather, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and her parents, Prince and Princess Wiasemsky, give a dance for her at Claridge's



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P.344-A.

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE F.C.
AT WARSASH

In the picture are Lord Allerton, who is in the Coldstream Guards Reserve, Mr. Wynn, and Mrs. R. L. Preston, whose husband is a Captain in the Coldstream, at the landing-ground at Warsash, on Southampton Water, where the H.B.F.C. have a little club-house on the Hamble River

There must be no B.B.C. Blimpism about them. It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that the Royal Aero Club is to bring up at the Conference of the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*, which is being held in London, the need for greater uniformity in air maps. At present there is no sort of general agreement about scales or symbols, and the dossier prepared by the Club, showing the different symbols now in use, is a revelation of the littleness of the national mind. Each country tries to push in its own symbols and to use its own scales. Consequently, the preparation of a strip map for an air journey frequently necessitates the leaping from scale to scale and from symbol to symbol; a process fraught with as much danger as leaping from precipice to precipice. Air maps are essentially international maps. Mention of that extraordinary distance, the statute mile, should be rigorously excluded. The maps should be in round-figure scales: one over a million; one over five hundred thousand, and so on; and if there is need for measurements of distance and height, they should be in kilometres and metres.

It is absurd that a pilot, undertaking an air journey, should have to compute in miles and feet for perhaps ten per cent. of the distance. Miles and feet—so far as aviation is concerned—are in the minority, and must go. Then the symbols must be standardised. A symbol meaning "landing-ground" in one country must not be allowed to mean "high wireless mast" in another. So we must wish the Royal Aero Club good luck in this undertaking, and hope that the *Fédération* will lend a willing ear to its proposals for map reform. With the second of the Aero Club's proposals I am not in agreement. It is that English should be made the language of the Conference. French is so much more exact that it should remain the language of international conference.

Alcock and Brown.

It is a pleasing trick of fate that Major Brackley, who is the Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, and is therefore one of those actively engaged in the preparations

Maths and Maps.

MAPS, like mathematics and music, should be written in an international character. They should be equally intelligible to the Harrovian and the Hottentot, the senior wrangler and the junior witch-doctor.

for the experimental Atlantic flights, should have been one of those pioneers and enthusiasts who gathered together eighteen years ago at St. John's, Newfoundland, in readiness to attempt to make the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic. Brackley was forestalled by Alcock and Brown, who made their first flight in this month of June 1919. And now we are waiting, as I write, for one of the two Empire flying-boats, with the extra fuel tanks, to make the first experimental commercial flight. Those eighteen years have seen a development which has carried us from that early Vickers Vimy; that astonishing contraption of wire and wood; that threshing-machine volant, to the smooth, four-engined flying-boats of to-day. Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic in 1919; their work bears commercial fruit in 1937. Theirs was a "stunt" flight—a "stunt" flight of the kind that is spoken of to-day with a superior sniff. It was "just a stunt"; it was "of no commercial value"; it was everything a commercial airline is not.

Yet do not let us forget, in our 1937 superiority, that the stunt flights and the stunt flyers prepared the way for these experimental commercial flights now starting. Without Alcock and Brown, there would not to-day be a fully worked-out plan for a regular Atlantic service. The stunt flights and the stunt flyers have always pointed the way and led the way. They are the leaders of aviation, even though it may be painful for the commercialists to admit it. One other thing about the



ANOTHER GROUP AT WARSASH

The names are (l. to r.): Mrs. George Gordon, Miss Barbara Symes, Mr. P. Randolph, who is in the Grenadiers, Mrs. Jeff. Bromet, Mr. B. Symes and Sir Warden Chilcott, who is the owner of the Warsash Estate and is well known in the City and on the turf

commercial line: Britain was first across the Atlantic non-stop; but America has seen to it that she shall not be first across with the experimental commercial line. Pan-American Airways will send off their flying-boat from Newfoundland at the moment our flying-boat starts from Ireland. So the face of the U.S.A. will be saved by the kind co-operation of this country.

(Continued on p. xxii)



LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS AND CAPTAIN R. L. PRESTON: ALSO AT THE H.B.F.C. AT WARSASH

Captain R. L. Preston is the honorary secretary of the Household Brigade Flying Club, which has a very cosy little club-house at Warsash. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, whose wife is in the above picture, is in the Grenadiers (Reserve).

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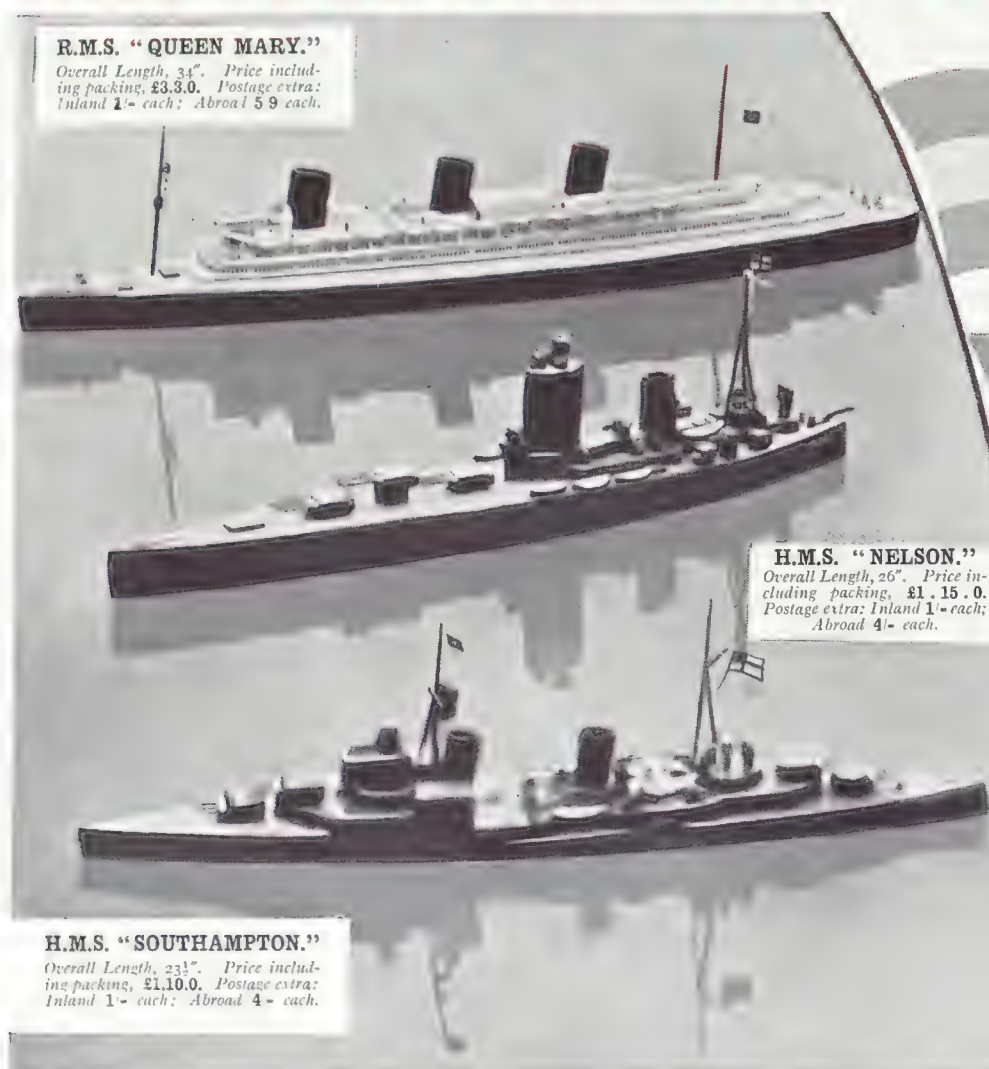
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AND MRS. W. R. N. HINDE

All these pictures were taken at Roehampton on the day that the battle for the Lawson Cup was continued. Operations were held up on the next day by rain, which has been a more than average pest this season. As to a catalogue of the pictures, Sir Gerard Fuller was playing for Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House side, which knocked the Pilgrims out 8 to 5½. Major Pert, whose wife is in the picture at the top was also in the Someries House team. He has been put into the Bhopal team temporarily, but his "home" side is the 15th Lancers, winners of this year's Inter-Regimental in India. Sir Gerard Fuller is in the Life Guards' team, of which his brother-in-law, Lord Roderic Pratt, is the No. 1. Major Kettle was in the Norton Bavant team which Cowdray beat 5 to 1. Major F. W. Byass, whose wife is in the picture, was also in the Norton Bavant team. Mr. Smith-Dorrien and Mrs. Hinde are both 15/19th Hussars, and he is in the regimental side which has won its first tie. Captain Hinde is a performer of class. He might go up much higher than regimental polo. In this Lawson Cup the 15/19th were put out by the Wanderers 7 to 4½ (rec. 1½). The regiment is stationed at York, where tournament practice is not easy to come by



"You can't do this," he said.
 "You can't play fast and
 loose with ships."

THE KING-PIN

By ANTHONY RICHARDSON

LAGONDA, complete but for her mast and final superstructure, lay at her place on the slipway in the yard of Tyndall and Wilding. Her outline against the pale evening light at the open end of the shed was black. Seen reversely from the water's edge against the warm darkness of the interior, she glimmered in the glory of her fresh paint whitely, ghostily.

Oscar Lictner looked at her and, despite the fact that he was Oscar Lictner, thought she was good to look upon. He was, for reasons which were characteristic, reluctant to admit the fact. It was not that he disliked ships nor the ways of them; merely, he knew little of them, beyond the fact that there could be money in their building, if you knew how to go about the necessary manipulation. It was, for instance, a point of pride with him that he could organise and monetize any concern regardless of any knowledge of technicalities of manufacture. It is easily understood, therefore, that Oscar Lictner was first, foremost, and solely a financier. He could make money talk. He could, moreover, understand its little known and slightly sinister language. That was why he was in control of Tyndall and Wilding's, with the minimum number of shares, and could do what he liked with this "old-established family business."

"Family business." The phrase nauseated him as a term both sentimental and sickly. Business had nothing to do with families or the human heart. It was an affair of buying low and selling high; accelerating at one moment and delaying to the point of destruction the next. That was why he considered the men whom he paid in the shipyard to be fools. Carstairs, the designer; Craigie, the foreman; Santle, in the foundry, and all the rest of them.

The smell of the yard was of turps and linseed oil, tar and the pleasing, piquant smell of Stockholm tar; there was the

flavour of wood and sawdust and down by the greased slipway, the faint, muddy stench of stagnant water. Now the odour of his cigar mingled with them all; then around his stolid, fleshy person, annihilated them. A costly, luxurious disinfectant to keep away all unpleasant smells from his delicate nostrils. There was, moreover, lavender on his handkerchief.

He stared at *Lagonda*, and supposed that Craigie was right when he had said that she would beat the world. By his side, all the length of the shed, lay the great length of the Bermudian mast, with its slender cross-trees and neatly assembled shrouds and halyards. The mast was hollow, built sectionally and Carstairs had raved about it, saying that it was lighter than any other mast afloat, and yet would hold easily the mighty stretch of racing canvas that the "J" class carried. Craigie had run his hands lovingly along the polished surface and then he had stood like a man in a dream, his eyes fixed on the distant sea, visible over the muddy side of the creek.

"She'll bring back the America's Cup, Mr. Lictner, sir. The Yankees 'ull never see ought but the stern of her, a-dipping in the sea."

Lictner hadn't cared two brass pins, nor did he now, what should happen to the America's Cup, nor any other stupid trophy. His sole concern was the price *Lagonda* would fetch, and whether Thomas Willoughby, for whom she had been built, was going to query the extra thousand that had swelled the original estimate. And Willoughby *had* queried. That was why there had been all that fuss at the board meeting this afternoon.

Lictner was not in the least surprised that Willoughby had flatly refused to go the extra money. Indeed, he had expected it. He had tried to explain as much to his partners, but for the dead-heads they were, they had not understood. He had pointed out with laudable patience that Willoughby was bound to settle rapidly, because the weather reports were none too good, and he would not dare to delay a launching, since *Lagonda* must cross the Atlantic first, before she could "show the world." Therefore, Lictner had decided to delay

(Continued on page 560)



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THE KING - PIN—(Continued from page 558)

the launching deliberately. Any excuse could be found and given. The bitter, gnawing disappointment would bring Willoughby up to scratch soon enough.

Carstairs had gone red in the face at that decision. And he'd talked a lot of hot-air about keeping faith, and the honour of the firm. He had said that it was even more than the firm's good name. They were doing something for British ship-design and building which in itself was an honour. Lictner had considered that to be all poppycock. He was interested in making money, and had little use for the snobs who rolled round Cowes. If the snobs paid up, well and promptly, then it was all to the good. But the question of "sportsmanship"—oh, my! oh, my!

The tears had crept into Craigie's old eyes, when he had heard that the launching was postponed. Then there had been a startled look on his face, as if someone had told him of a horrid case of infanticide. Later, with fifty of the yard men, he had gone to Lictner's small office by the shed, which he seldom used.

"Mr. Carstairs tells me, sir, there'll be no launching to-morrow."

Lictner had glowered at him, while Craigie rolled his cap in his hands and shuffled his feet. "Well, what of it?"

"She's ready to go down, sir. We've been working against time."

"You've been paid for it, haven't you?"

Craigie had scratched the back of his head, as if that viewpoint was something new and bewildering. "Oh, yes, sir," he said. "It's not that we're troubling about. It's the vessel herself, sir. It's late in the season now, and she's got to have her trials as yet."

"And I," said Lictner, "have got to have my money."

He had spoken before he was ready, and knew at once that he had made a mistake. There was a murmuring amongst the men, and Craigie had taken a step forward. "We've put our hearts into this job, sir."

"Get out!" said Lictner.

There had been a funny, glittering sort of look then, in Craigie's eyes. "You can't do this," he said. "You can't play fast and loose with ships. You haven't been in the business, man and boy, like the likes of us, for forty year and more. You just don't understand. We're grateful for our money, but that's not all. We take a pride in our work—"

Lictner at that had risen. "Get out," he said, "and stay out—the lot of you, I'm the king-pin of this racket, and you'd better know it. Quit and stay quitted."

Carstairs had come to him and he had been very angry indeed. At one time it had looked as if he were going to strike Lictner.

"You can't do this," he said. "You can't sack men like that. You're crazy."

"I'm boss here," said Lictner.

"You've got controlling interest, if that's what you mean, but you don't know a damn thing about this job, beyond squeezing your lousy pennies out of it."

"I only regret," said Lictner, "that I can't sack you too."

"My God, I wish you were dead," said Carstairs.

The water at the end of the slipway caught the light of the setting sun and the oil on its surface lay in iridescent pools. The spicy odours of the shed hung in the warm air. Lictner took a seat on an upturned box and allowed the almost sensual sense of power to permeate him.

That was why he was here, following a sudden fancy to come alone to the deserted yard, to see the empty benches and the untended lathes, the tools lying idle in their places, everything indeed stilled and silent—and because of a single command from himself! It had been like flicking a switch or knocking a pin from its shackle or throwing an engine out of gear. He had raised his hand, and lo! the place was still. So it would always be with anything he controlled. His word would be law, immediate and compelling. He could make the money talk.

He sucked at his cigar. So Carstairs had wished him dead, had he? Well, a way would be found to force Carstairs out of his partnership. Carstairs should be made to suffer for that remark. Not that Carstairs was free of suffering at the moment; he had taken the knock pretty badly over the postponement of the launching, because Willoughby was a personal friend of his, and the affair would be awkward to explain. Moreover, his pride in *Lagonda* had been lowered. She was still in her shed, and there she should remain till Willoughby came clean with the extra thousand!

The ash from his cigar fell on his plump knee and he brushed it aside. The diamond in his ring caught the light and glittered momentarily. He wondered where Craigie was now, and supposed that he would be in his cottage further down the river, and likely enough telling his wife the news. Sacked after forty years! Well, serve him right for not keeping his impudent tongue in his head. "You can't play fast and loose with ships." Poppycock again. He leaned his head back against the wall and stared at *Lagonda*.

The light was fading fast, but the gloom only seemed to emphasise her presence. She looked very large and massive in the shed, at the head of the greased runners; but her lines were sheer beauty. His eye strayed to the mast again, and he imagined it in its place, tall and straight and tapering. Well, as soon as the money was paid, she should take the water and her sails should be hoisted. They would go up flapping and shaking and then gradually fill, bellying tautly to the wind while the hull heeled over and the water foamed at her stem. No doubt she'd be a pretty sight, and maybe

that was what Carstairs liked and Craigie meant when he talked of ships. There might be something in it, but there was a darn sight more in a fat cheque.

The tail end of the cigar began to taste bitter and he stubbed it out. It must be getting on for half-past eight. He would see about getting along to dinner. A cocktail first at the club, and then dinner, and then Suzanne. He rubbed his hands softly together as he thought of Suzanne. She was going to be very kind to him, he felt quite sure. He had spent enough money on her, anyway, though she might still wince at his touch. But she'd get used to him in time, of course, a sensible little girl. It was a good thing she was so poor and he was so rich.

(Continued on page 511)



Hay Wrightson

LADY STOPFORD AND HER DAUGHTER

Lord Stopford, whose wife and only and very pleasing offspring are seen in the above picture, is the Earl of Courtown's son and heir. Lady Stopford is the daughter of Admiral John and Lady Cameron and was married in 1934. The daughter in the picture joined the family circle in 1936 and her full title and estate is the Hon. Mary Christina Stopford

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THE JAGUARS WIN THE ROEHAMPTON OPEN CUP

The Jaguars won the Roehampton Open Cup by 13 to 3 from the Four Winds, who, as the score indicates, went completely to bits, as teams sometimes do. The names are (l. to r.): the Hon. W. K. Rous, a most promising No. 1, Mr. Laddie Sanford, Mrs. C. D. Miller, wife of Colonel Charles Miller, who gave away the Cup, Mr. Gerald Balding, and Mr. Winston Guest

It may be doing some people a good turn to remind them yet once again about the good match to be played at Aldershot in Ascot Week, on June 16 (to-day)—Australia v. a British Army team, composed like this:

Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. McCreery, 12th Royal Lancers, who played for the British Army v. the American Army in 1925, and was captain of the 12th Lancers side which won the Inter-Regimental in 1936; Captain B. J. Fowler, Royal Horse Artillery, who was twice in the winning Inter-Regimental sides, 1932 and 1935, was spare man for England in the match v. America last year, and was also a member of the England team at the Olympic Games in Berlin last year; Captain G. E. Prior-Palmer, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, who was a member of the British Army team from India which toured Australia in 1928. He was spare man in the first two International matches against America last year, and played in the third match, and Captain H. P. Guinness, Royal Scots Greys, who played in the winning Inter-Regimental team in 1933, has represented England in matches against America in 1930 and 1936, and was spare man in 1927. He also played in the Olympic Games last year.

The Aldershot Command A.A. is in charge, through its trusty secretary, Major C. Newington, who is also running the Horse Show, and that, as we all know, is as good as saying that all the arrangements will be first-class. The match is not till 5.30, so people will have plenty of time to come on from Ascot after the last race on the Wednesday. As this match will be played exactly ten



POLO IN NIGERIA

The 1st Battalion Nigeria Regiment team which won the Royal Signals Cup at Zarca, a low-handicap contest a little time ago. The names in the above picture are: Mr. J. G. Newman (Northamptonshire Regt.), Mr. J. R. Filmer-Bennett (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), Captain B. J. D. Gerrard (Gordon Highlanders), and Mr. T. B. Gibbons (The Welch Regiment); names in order of positions

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

days before the final of the Championship at Hurlingham (June 26), and three days before the first tie in that contest, and, as Goulburn are badly in need of a gallop, it is suggested that this polo at Aldershot will be of more than ordinary interest. For the benefit of the many enthusiastic students of this ancient game, here is a short bit of guide-book about this good Australian side—

The Ashton Brothers were born in Sydney, moving to their present home, Markdale Station, Goulburn, New South Wales, about twenty years ago. When they first commenced to play, their ponies had to be walked fifty-three miles to Goulburn every second week in order to get a match. They first played together as a team in 1926. Their principal successes in Australia have been: Countess of Dudley Cup (N. S. Wales Championship), 1928-29, 1933-4-5. Inter-State Gold Cup, 1933. Melbourne Centenary Cup, 1934. Their only previous visit to England was in 1930, when they won the Whitney Cup, Ranelagh Invitation Cup, and the Indian Empire Shield. They were beaten in the final of the Champion Cup by the Hurricanes, 8-6. In all, they won 17 matches out of 22. Their ponies came over this year in the *Melbourne Star*, the journey taking 41 days from Sydney. Each pony had a stall 8 ft. by 7 ft., and they were exercised on board ship in an enclosure 27 ft. by 15 ft., with 8 in. of sand on the floor, which enabled the ponies to be ridden every day of the voyage. The Ashton Brothers have now been playing as a team for ten years, which must constitute a unique record for a team of brothers.

That is all pure guide-book and nothing else, but it may be handy to take with you to Aldershot. The Goulburn side's handicaps are like this: P. S. R. Ashton, 4; G. G. Ashton, 7; J. H. Ashton, 7; R. R. Ashton, 6—total, 24. I think myself that the figures are very conservative, especially in the case of the No. 1. He is just the right type of spear-head for a galloping team of the "smack-hard-and-smack-often" kind. The side is much better mounted than in 1930, and I think that all their ponies are suffering from is the unemployment which our atrocious weather has forced upon them. There is nothing that can be quite as vulgar as a horse (or a man or a woman, for that matter) which is too full of corn. It is apt to make them disinclined to attend strictly to business. Otherwise, the Australians' ponies are a joy to watch, and most of them are fast enough

to win races—many of them, in fact, have done so; no one who has seen how they get down to it needs to be told this. I should think that Goulburn is bound to beat the scratch Army team to-day, even though it is individually good. It is usually odds on a team v. four players.

We saw a proof of this yet once again in this recent Goulburn Hurlingham match, the one that was postponed from Whit Monday. On paper, the scratch side was a goal better; in the actual battle they could not go up-sides with the Australians, and were beaten 10 to 4. Hurlingham were completely disorganised very early on in the fray. It was of no avail for one man to be always in the right place when another seemed in complete ignorance of where he was supposed to be playing. It is of no use for the long-range gun to do its work properly, if the storm

(Continued on page xvi)



"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"



TUBORG - It's REAL LAGER



AT THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER'S GARDEN-PARTY

A large number of overseas visitors were invited to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury at this peaceful party in the College Garden, Westminster. In this picture some of the Canons' houses, looking on to what has been described as "the oldest garden in England," are seen on the right, and College, the house of the King's Scholars, is also shown. Out of compliment, no doubt, to his Grace, the pipers of the Scots Guards played and danced and greatly added to the enjoyment of any other Scotsmen who were there. His Grace, of course, is a Scotsman

British or Foreign?

A GOOD deal of misunderstanding still exists about what is a British car and what is not. In general conversation the term "American car" has a pretty clear meaning, and refers to those qualities of smoothness, quietness and soft springing which are associated with the American idea of the good motor-car. But when it comes to making a purchase, it is important, especially if you are among the vigorously patriotic, to differentiate between the British and the foreign content of the car. I don't suppose any car—if you trace every component back to its origin—is entirely British. So that patriotism, even of the extreme kind which the cartoonist Low satirises so fiercely, should be satisfied with a reasonably high British content in a motor-car. On looking through my notes of the pre-view of the Hudson cars the other day, I found I had jotted down some extremely interesting facts and figures given by Mr. H. A. Reed on this subject. He said that Hudson and

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Terraplane cars sold in the United Kingdom were mostly British, and that less than 25 per cent. of the sale price was paid to the Hudson Motor Car Company for the imported chassis and body items.

This will probably surprise many people, but one has only to follow the manufacturing processes from raw materials to road to see how it comes about. The chassis are brought over less batteries, bumpers, and tyres, and these things are of British make and are purchased over here. Then twenty-five per cent. of the bodies are entirely British built, and all the glass for all the bodies is made and bought in England. Forty-seven and a half per cent. of the body shells brought over in the form of stampings and panels are wholly trimmed with British leather or other materials, and the labour employed for assembling the chassis and bodies and for trimming and painting, as well as the clerical and sales personnel, is British. Furthermore, much of the ocean freight on the chassis brought from New York to London is paid to British steamship lines, and on the value of the chassis, 33½ per cent. goes to the British Exchequer. Then there are the local rates and taxes, and there is income-tax!

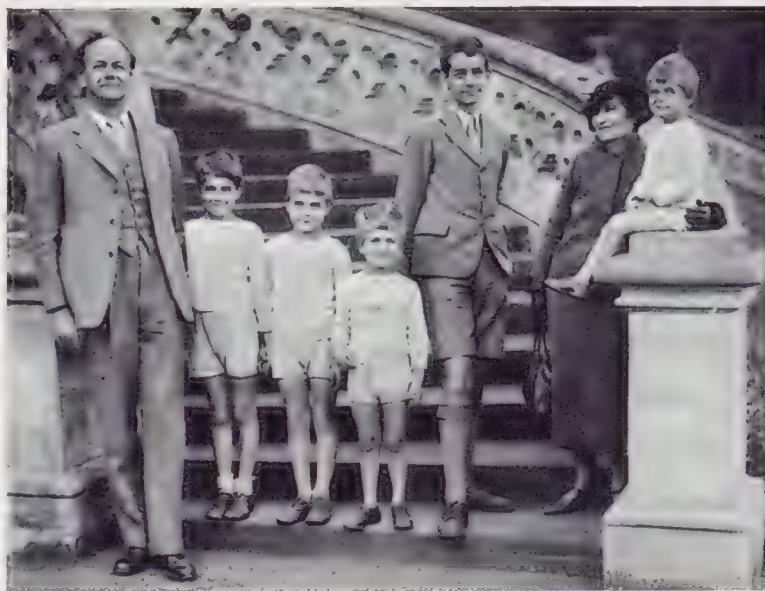
Performance and Propaganda.

You have, therefore, in the Hudson and Terraplane cars—as I said when I described my road test of the eight-cylinder model—exceptionally fine performance at a low price, and at the same time you have the satisfaction of knowing that the greater part of the sum spent has gone to help your own countrymen. Personally, I have always reserved for myself the right to buy a car of any nationality if I feel especial interest in it, and few people can try a Hudson without feeling interest. But that does not mean that I disapprove of the "Buy British" propaganda; for that was unquestionably an astute business move, bringing many benefits to those who sponsored it. But let a reasonable attitude be adopted in interpreting the command to buy British.

While I am on the subject of British cars, I must congratulate Prince Birabongse on winning the Isle of Man race with his E.R.A., and Raymond Mays, Humphrey Cook and Peter Berthon upon the performance of these cars in general in that event. They put up a convincing demonstration of superiority over the Maseratis. Prince Birabongse's driving was of the faultless kind we have come to expect from him, and the rain hardly seemed to worry him at all.

Safety Glass.

Those numerous correspondents who wrote to me when I gave the opinion that toughened safety glass was as safe as any glass in existence at the present moment, should make a point of looking at Hansard for May 26. The Minister of Transport is there reported as saying that "it is found that on the comparatively rare occasions when glass of this type is cracked without collapsing, the obscuration is not complete, and the cracked glass can easily be pushed out." This confirms my own findings as a result of my own investigations. And in fact, although I had many interesting letters from those who disagreed with me, not one of them advanced what I should call incontrovertible proof



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Although Mr. Mardon has bought this architectural pride of Ross-shire, he and his wife are not able to move in till after the sale of the furniture, so he and three of his family of nine are camping in the Castle grounds, whilst Mrs. Mardon and the two youngest children live in an hotel. Mr. Mardon is a son of Mr. Ernest Mardon, a director of the Imperial Tobacco Co., and served in East Africa during the war

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COMING ON: THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SIDE OF CRICKET



HARROW SCHOOL CRICKET XI, 1937

Whether or no they will achieve the Lord's victory Harrovians have been waiting for since 1908 remains to be seen, but this year's Harrow XI has certainly done well to date, beating Harrow Town, the Harlequins and Marlborough and drawing with the Household Brigade. Against Marlborough they declared at 309 for 9 and then got Marlborough out for 114. The names are, standing: W. G. Stewart, C. A. Halliday, C. J. Sage, W. S. P. Lithgow and V. A. Carp. Sitting: D. W. Stuart, R. A. A. Holt, M. D. Watson (captain), D. Q. Henriques and R. M. Seligman. On the ground: D. R. Hayward



MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE CRICKET XI

Photos: Stuart

So far this term Marlborough has drawn with Free Foresters and Authentics, lost to Harrow and Winchester and defeated Wellington by 93 runs. In the last-named match, played at home, G. E. Fletcher, the captain, was top scorer, contributing a stylish 63 to Marlborough's total of 256. Standing in this group are: R. C. Robinson, R. L. Tanner, R. C. M. Bass, A. B. Howard, M. Jewell, and D. G. Lacy-Scott. Sitting: J. H. Collins, P. N. L. Terry, G. E. Fletcher, D. I. Graham and M. S. Mallinson; the latter took six wickets in the match against Wellington

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The "Backs"—Cambridge

IS it odd that a great University should lie lost in the fens (or that May Week at Cambridge should take place in June and last longer than a week)? But then our England evolves in curious ways. When Crante-brig was young it lay upon a great natural highway running twixt trackless forest and undrained fen. Where once was the castle from which the Conqueror smoked out Hereward and his insurgents, rise the calm colleges, part-built from its very stones; and where this green velvet peace joins hall and stream was once a world of wharves and wherries. So do the best things in English life evolve—in the equipment of bodies, too, as well as minds. Even the brewing of your Worthington took some centuries to reach that rich maturity you delight in now.



A YEOMANRY CAVALRY REGIMENT IN CAMP



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE YORKSHIRE HUSSARS IN CAMP AT CASTLE HOWARD

Howard Barrett

This yeomanry cavalry unit is now commanded by Lt.-Col. Lord Grimthorpe, M.F.H., *vice* Lt.-Col. T. Preston, and they were to have remained under canvas at Castle Howard until June 13. Lord Grimthorpe is Joint-Master of the Middleton. Lord Halifax, the other Middleton Master, is, incidentally, Hon. Colonel of the Yorkshire Dragoons, also still horse soldiers

The names in the above group are, left to right: (seated)—Major H. W. Brekke, R.A.V.C. (T.A.), Lt. J. O. G. Hall, Captain E. T. T. North, Major R. C. Wright, Lt.-Col. R. W. R. Scott, Lt.-Col. Lord Grimthorpe, Major J. H. Goodhart, Captain B. C. Talbot, Captain W. V. Ritson, 3rd Hussars (Adjutant), Captain W. H. Pratt, and Captain S. J. Hartfall, R.A.M.C.; (back row)—Lt. T. W. Fuller, Lt. G. E. M. Parkinson, 2nd Lt. A. Hudson, Lt. Lord Ronaldshay, Lt. M. C. W. P. Consett, Lt. M. S. Charlesworth, 2nd Lt. W. D. Thomson, Lt. Lord Feversham, Lt. T. C. Gouldsmith, 2nd Lt. H. Seed, Lt. R. F. Wormald, and Lt. G. C. B. Charlesworth



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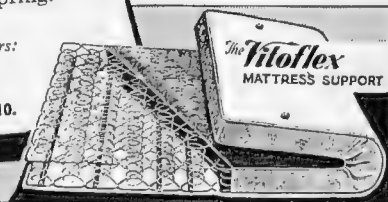
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

EVENING frocks of taffeta are a summer vogue, especially when they are made of that new kind that has a satin stripe and an elusive crinkle. Waring's, of Oxford Street, have used this new fabric for the frock pictured, which is a study in black, grey and white, while the cost is exceedingly pleasant—eight and a half guineas. Important features are the puff sleeves and becomingly draped sash with its "bustle bow." A feature is made here of exceedingly pretty printed chiffon frocks mounted on silk, for four and a half guineas; some are reinforced with capelets and others with coatees. They are as appropriate for garden parties as for informal dances. Rather more expensive are the frocks of the Romney persuasion, carried out in shot taffeta, while Eastern colourings are noticeable in those cut on simple Princess lines. The needs of the dignified woman and those who are not as slender as they could wish to be have likewise been very carefully considered in these salons

Picture by Blake





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Plumage Colours



CHANUT gloves have crossed the Channel and gone into residence at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Standing out with prominence in the collection are those of kid in bird or plumage colourings. Among the many shades are those seen in the magpie, plover, lovebird, flamingo, cockatoo and bird of paradise. — There are other Chanut gloves. Some of the sac character, four-button length and piqué sewn, are ten shillings and ninepence, while those with fancy stitched gauntlets finished with "bracelets" at the wrist are fourteen shillings and ninepence; of course, they are foreign. Ultra smart are those of softest suède with hand sewing on the fingers and hand stitching in criss-cross designs on the backs and thumbs; it must be mentioned that they are sixteen shillings and ninepence. For Goodwood and other important social functions there are elbow-length affairs in suède with fine hand stitching, in beige and pink



Pictures by Blak



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Down to the sea



AS there is a heat wave fashions for the beach are of topical interest, especially when they have gone into residence in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, as these are ever endowed with individual notes. It is a play suit that is seen at the top of the page on the left expressed in piqué, and although the cost is only thirty-nine shillings and sixpence it includes a shorts frock and a wrap-around skirt. On the right is a cloqué piqué bathing suit and promenade coat, the former being reinforced with stockinette panties, and of it one may become the possessor for four guineas. The scheme is completed with the very last word in beach headgear, its fount of inspiration being that worn by horses during tropical weather. Another view of it is given at the base of the page; by the way, it is only three shillings. The piqué frock on the right, with an ultra smart white piqué coat (not illustrated), is 39s. 6d.



ACCESSORIES also have their rôles to play, trouser belts being by no means the least important. The rough canvas trouser belt on the left is five shillings, while the cord belt is worked up into a design that is reminiscent of the old-world macramé lace. It is eleven shillings and ninepence. The sandals are made of rope, distinctive embroidery introducing a telling touch of colour. Assembled in these salons is a comprehensive collection of slim-fitting wool swim suits; they are in the gayest of colours as well as more sombre hues



Pictures
by Blake



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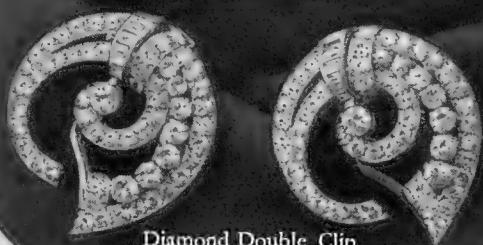
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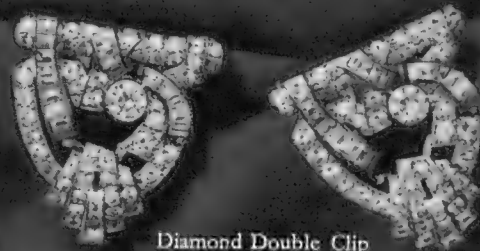
Diamond Double Clip
Brooch, £250.
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An exclusive collection of diamond double-clip brooches is to be seen at the showrooms of Hunt and Roskell.

TALKING ABOUT CLOTHES

How to dress the part



Fine green tweed has been perfectly tailored by Margaret Barry for this country house suit. It slims the figure, an air of distinction being added to it by the buttons and pockets on the coat

"MONEY means nothing where fashion is concerned" declares Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street; it is the art of knowing "how to dress the part" which counts. Great success attended the début of her little suits, which she interprets each season to harmonise with the prevailing modes. They are made in many materials and are often accompanied by smart piqué or organza waistcoats, or, it may be, a scarf that is different, caught with a handsome pin. This little accessory must be chosen to suit the occasion when the suit is destined to be worn—details like these are all-important. Two or even three colours may be added by the accessories if the suit is in a plain fabric. They can be skilfully combined and varied to change its appearance for town or country wear



Blue and white linen tweed makes the dress above, the new "slack" hip-length wool coat being of a rich larkspur blue

A LITTLE more "sensational," shall I say, than Margaret Barry's dresses usually are, nevertheless endowed with those graceful simple lines in which she delights, is an evening model. It is of black embroidered stiffened lace and is cut on almost Princess lines until the hips are passed, then it flares slightly, and as the wearer moves touches of green are noticeable on the underdress. An original "bustle" is introduced, surmounted by a coatee with puff sleeves; there are many original notes introduced which indubitably sign it Margaret Barry 1937. It is a striking contrast to the evening frock pictured. In these salons the long, semi-transparent coat for day or evening wear has arrived; it imparts a hazy pastel shade to printed or gaily coloured frocks. Many of them fall in graceful lines from the shoulders. Suits and coats for the late summer and early autumn race meetings may here be studied; they are perfectly correct



Here is a Margaret Barry frock that is equally appropriate for Goodwood, garden parties, informal dinners and dances. It is carried out in a rather heavy crêpe de Chine with a formalised floral design and is an artistic study in black, white and green

"WHAT does the beret represent?" In Margaret Barry's opinion it is something that everyone needs, not in its old restricted form, but in the versions where definite new things have happened. As a matter of fact, it has on more than one occasion annexed a brim, or taken unto itself a veil draped with artistic negligence. Again there are large picture hats like the one sketched at the base of this page enriched with sprays of exotic blooms or wreaths of flowers reminiscent of those in the cottage gardens of Devon and Cornwall. These are especially becoming to tall women for the wide brims, which cast becoming reflections over the face, tend to minimise height. Posies of mixed flowers in the same colourings may be tucked into the sash of a frock fastened at the neck.

YOUR QUESTIONS *and* KING'S ANSWERS

- Q *How much do you want and when is your Centenary?*
A £400,000, and the date of the Centenary is May 12th, 1939.
- Q *Why do you want the money now?*
A To clear the Hospital of debt and complete it in celebration of the Centenary.
- Q *Why are you in debt?*
A Because we had to face a great financial strain owing to the difficulties we encountered after the decision to remove the Hospital from Central to South London, and also because of the war and war-time difficulties. Nevertheless, during the last twenty-five years, King's is proud to record enormous progress, but has had to meet the costs such progress entails.
- Q *Are you really hard up?*
A Yes; we have had to sell all our available securities to meet our bills.
- Q *Why should you continue this struggle for existence?*
A Because the British Empire is based on the voluntary spirit of which the Voluntary Hospitals are the greatest living embodiment.
- Q *What does it cost to run your Hospital?*
A Four and sixpence a minute, or £13 14s. an hour, or £329 a day, which is £120,000 a year.
- Q *Why does it cost so much?*
A Because King's always tries to maintain every department at a high standard of efficiency and to provide it with up-to-date equipment for the benefit of the patients.
- Q *Have you any special departments?*
A Yes, we have; the Asthma Clinic, the Dental Department, the Diabetic Department which specialises in the treatment of children, the Ear, Nose and Throat Department, including the Orthophonic Department (Speech Therapy), the Fracture Clinic, the Physical Treatment Department which includes the Physio-Therapeutic School, the Radiological Department, and the Radium Clinic, to mention only a few.
- Q *How could I get to know about any of these special departments?*
A By simply asking us to send you a leaflet describing any of them in detail.
- Q *Are you a teaching Hospital?*
A Yes, we are; nearly five hundred students are always being trained, including Medical, Dental, Radiological and the students of the Physio-Therapeutic School, as well as nurses.
- Q *What will happen if you do not get your money?*
A We shall have to close wards and turn patients away.
- Q *What do you want me to do?*
A Send us, please, as big a cheque as you can spare.

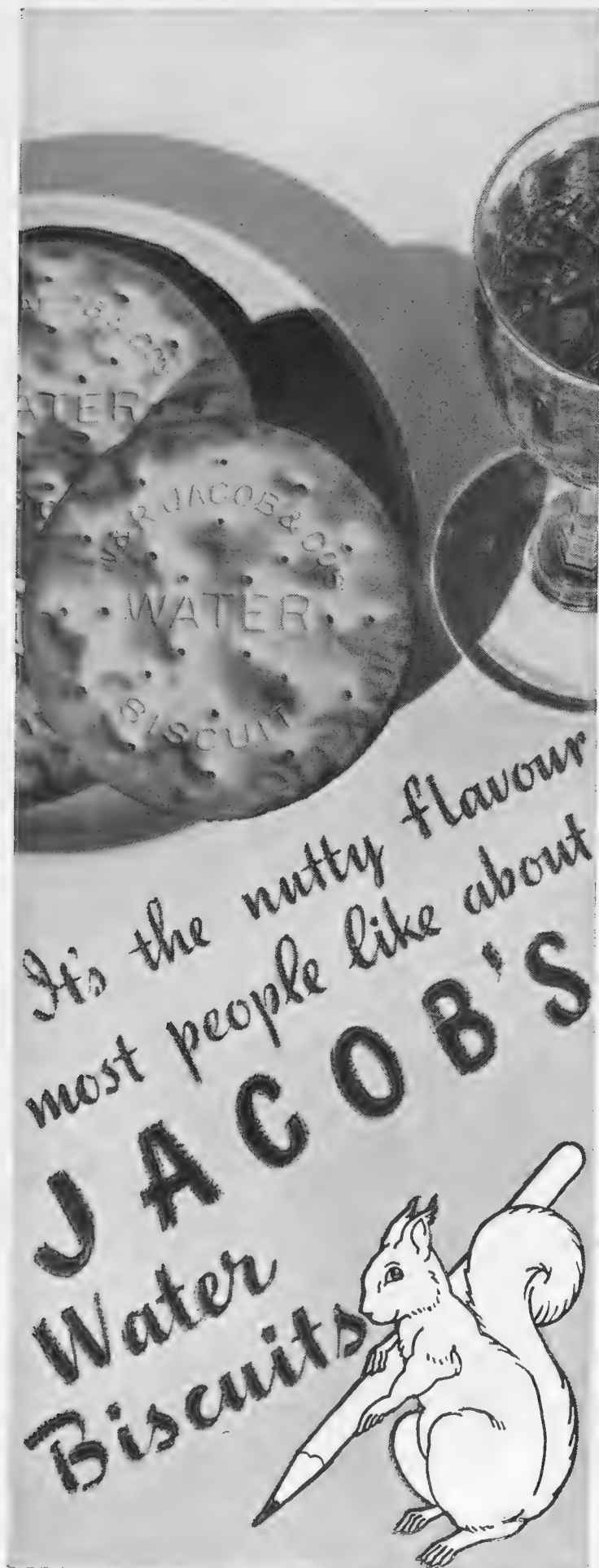


"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of Cabbages and
KINGS"

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It's the nutty flavour
most people like about
JACOB'S
Water
Biscuits

W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd

"The King-Pin"—continued from p. 560

He rose, brushing the ash from his clothes, and crossed to "Lagonda." Like Suzanne, she was white and alluring and, for the time being at any rate, immaculate. He walked round the vessel, touching her smooth, gleaming planking. Then he mounted the short ladder by her stern and peered in. The combing of the cockpit was of mahogany and the flooring of white wood gratings. Her deck was as smooth as her flanks, and her brass-work shone.

"She's worth every penny of the money," said Liectner.

He climbed down and rested the ladder against the wall and passed round by the stern again, stepping carefully over the tackle with its shackle and pin that held her in her place. Then, buttoning his jacket, he crossed the shed and made for the door. Away from the ship the light was dim, but he found the door easily enough. He turned the handle and gave it a tug. The door remained fast. Then he remembered that it was self-locking, and the key was on the outside. The discovery, to say the least, was vexing. He would have to find some other exit.

He made his way round the shed in the certainty of finding another door. It was quite obvious that there would be one. Within half a minute it was as plainly obvious that there was not one. Then he remembered that this was an especial shed, kept aside for particularly important jobs. Carstairs, the fool, had insisted that "Lagonda" should be built here for purposes of secrecy. Secrecy! A pretty bag of tricks when the boss of the whole concern got locked in his own workshops and couldn't get out. Very well, then, he would get on the house-telephone and ring through to the office. Then, in a few minutes, Craigie would be round and let him out. A little humiliating, of course, but—Craigie!

Craigie wouldn't be there! Craigie was sacked and was now probably down in his cottage pouring out his woes to his fool wife. Well, then, how the heck was he going to get out of here without making a fool of himself? And to-night of all nights he had no wish to keep Suzanne waiting. He himself had been kept waiting in that direction for too long. He cursed under his breath. The situation was bordering on the ludicrous. What other way out could there be?

There was the slipway, of course. He might be able to climb round the wall that ran out into the pool at the end of the greasy slides. He made his way round "Lagonda" and walked gingerly down the incline. It was tricky work, for the runners and rollers were larded and treacherous. He had no wish to slip up and slide down ignominiously. He reached the waterside.

The sun seemed to have gone down very suddenly. There were no iridescent oily circles in the gleam of late sunlight now. The water was black and shiny and with a solid sort of look. It seemed to him that it had probably never been clean and transparent. The mud at the bottom, too, would be deep and dark and clinging. He put his fingers against the out-running brick wall and looked for a hand-hold. The wall was smooth and slimy. His left foot slipped and he cursed. Behind him the shed seemed to take up the echoes of his oaths and pass the syllables round. He began to make his way back up the slipway.

As soon as he was in the shed the darkness seemed to rush at him. It was antagonising, repellent, like the water of the launching pool outside; but he passed on in, because somewhere nearby, on a bench or a stool, lay the box of matches with which he had lit his cigar. It would be better when he had found a light. He stole forward through the gloom.

It was comparatively easy to find his way as long as the comfortable presence of "Lagonda," gleaming ghostily, was at his side; but as he passed her stern and left her guiding shape behind he found himself in a wilderness of strange and unfamiliar furniture. He cursed again, more vehemently, since he was master of all this and yet a stranger in the midst. Craigie's angry, bitter words came back to him: "... in this business, man and boy, for forty years ..." The devil take Craigie; why wasn't he here, somewhere on duty to put an end to this ridiculous situation? Down the river a siren wailed softly, died away. Lights moving, glowed mistily far out in mid-stream. Ripples spread to the slipway, lapped at the larded runners in sibilant, soft whisperings. The sort of sensual soft sounds old men made through their gums to girls. ... If he didn't hurry he'd be hopelessly late for Suzanne. He stepped briskly forward and caught his knee on a trestle.

The pain was sharp and appalling. It agonised him into utter, clawing silence. He stood panting, as the pain mounted to its crest and hung there fiercely. It was some minutes before he moved again. Then, at the first step, he groaned.

But he knew where the matches were. They were on the carpenter's bench to the right. He groped out with his hand and found the cold iron of a vice. He remembered now. The vice was in the middle of the bench. Very soon now he would have a light. He wanted light. The darkness with its spicy scents was a little terrifying. The shavings rustled under his feet as he moved, and there were other

(Continued on p. xiv)

Ask him...



...the man who *knows* about Gin

"*Never touch any until the day's flying is over.*" Many are the younger pilots to whom he's given useful tips on *when* to drink and *what* to drink—on choosing the right Gin and so getting cocktails as they like them. He's warned them never to be content to choose just by the name, but rather by actual trial and comparison. . . . Persuaded to give his own preference, he admits with a smile that personally he's never found any substitute for the smoothness and soundness of **SEAGERS**

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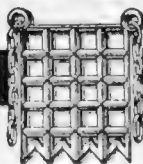
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"The King-Pin"—continued from p. xii

sounds above his head, the creaking of pulley-blocks and another rustling as of wings. He had no doubt it was bats uncovering at the night, and the other little shufflings would be rats. But there was an intimacy and insistence in the little noises that was disconcerting. The place was peopled with its familiars, and he was lost amongst them. Lost! Confound the thought! He reached across the bench.

The blade of the jack-plane, lying on its wooden rest near the turkey-stone, caught him smoothly across the wrist. He withdrew his hand sharply, and the blade cut again as he cried out. He clasped the wound with his left hand, but warm blood was spurting. He could see nothing but the square of the open shed by the slipway and the ghostly form of "Lagonda," but he could feel the blood bubbling, warm and sticky. If he wasn't careful he'd bleed to death. He opened his mouth and shouted.

The rafters of the shed snatched at the echo and sent it twittering from beam to beam. Then the silence grew as heavy as the darkness.

"I've got to get out of here," said Lictner, and he was whimpering. He stepped towards "Lagonda." The fine, sweet curves of her were clear against a pale and rising moonlight.

"I've got to get out," said Lictner again, and cursed. He cursed blindly and incoherently till at last his curses took on objectives. He cursed the ship that rested on her squats a dozen yards from him. He cursed "Lagonda" for all the trouble she'd caused and for making a fool of him. He used the same obscenities as he used to women over whom he had power. The shed seemed to grow very still as he cursed, as if intent, awed. It was a place where so much love of labour and of dignity had been that the very darkness seemed to draw back a little.

But the sound of his own voice was like an

intoxicant, a putrid and a potent wine. He flung up his head and yelled again and strode forward.

The tackle-block hanging from the roof struck him on the forehead squarely as he lurched into it. He gasped and his bloody hand went to his head, so that he could feel its warm ooze against his temples. He staggered forward and his right foot struck the release-shackle of the launching gear that lay at the bows of "Lagonda," three inches from the ground. His toe sent the king-pin clear and the tackle took the strain. The ropes creaked in the sheaves and there was a sudden movement along the cement floor at his feet. Then steadily, and with an awful deliberation, "Lagonda" began to move down the slipway.

He saw her move. He cried aloud at the sight, because, beyond all pain, the spectacle was terrifying. He had no knowledge of the simple thing which he had done. Only "Lagonda" moved, queenly, irresistibly down the rollers. The rollers rumbled and the shed became excited with a thousand sounds. Then from their sides the steadying guy-ropes leapt into life. With no restraining hands, they rustled across the floor and rose knee-high. The bight of the starboard "guy" darted round Lictner's leg like a snake.

The bight tightened. "Lagonda," in her travail of launching, groaned, and then Lictner was on his back with the guy-rope fast about his leg. He went down the greasy slip, and as he went he screamed. He clawed at the larded runners, but never a splinter was there to break the skin of his frantic fingers. "Lagonda" took the water with a run and, propelled by her impetus, drifted gracefully across the pool. She towed Oscar Lictner behind her as a row-boat tows a mackerel.

In a little time she rested steadily on the far side of the pool. The moon shone on her white and lovely sides, on her virginal deck. It shone on the deep and oily water, but beyond "Lagonda" and the moonlight there was no sign of anything else upon the surface, which reflected the moon.



ELEANORE WHITNEY, WHO IS IN
"TURN OFF THE MOON"

This Paramount picture started its London career at the Plaza on June 11, and in the cast with the clever young dancer seen in the above picture are, amongst others, Charlie Ruggles and Johnny Downs. It is a story full of a lot of gay fun and looks very like a big success. Eleanore Whitney plays the part of an out-of-work dancer who gets into trouble for stealing a doughnut, but of course gets out of it again quite happily

THINGS which make life worth while!



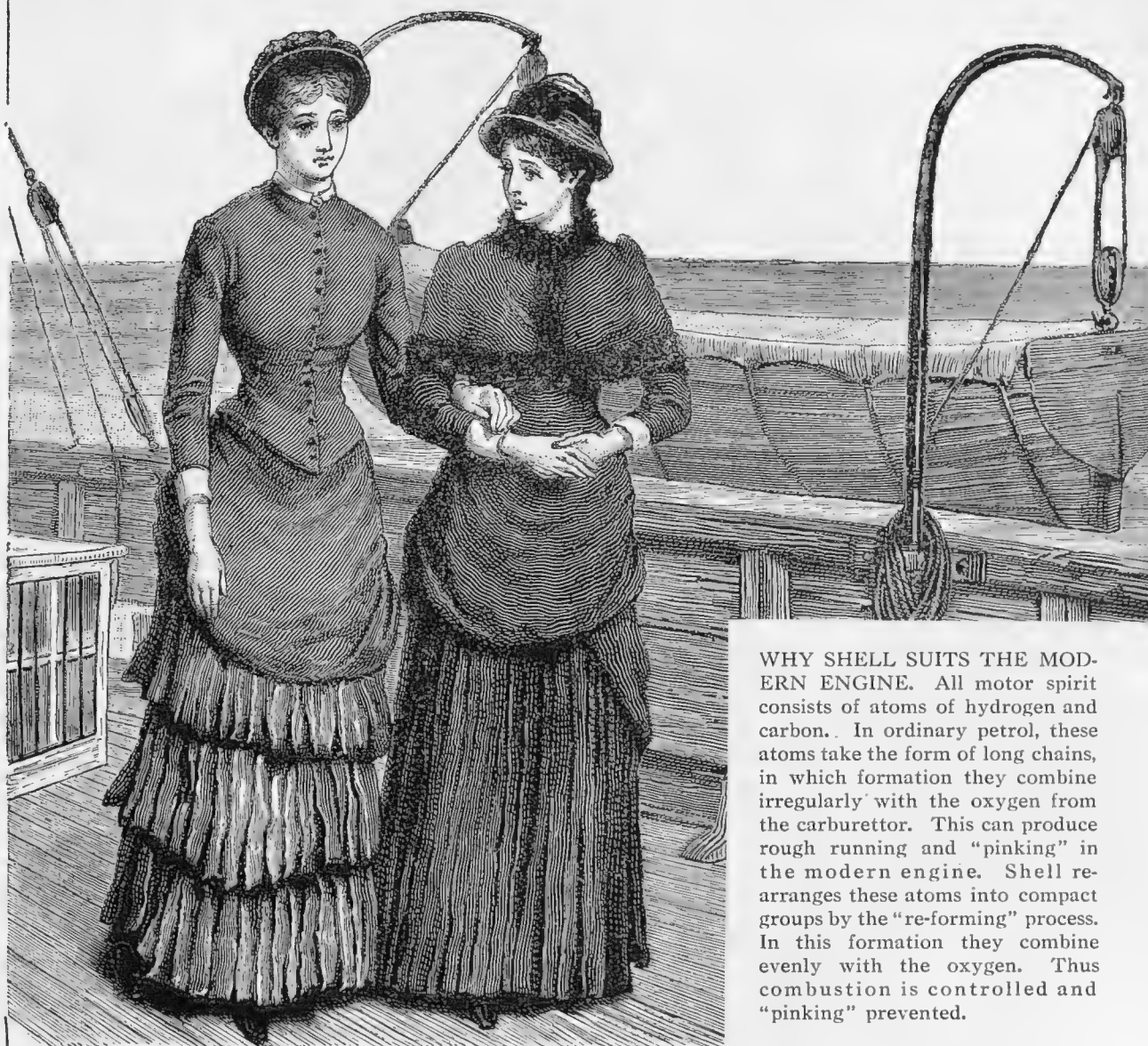
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The pleasures of cruising are not for you if you are dressed like this. You must go prepared to fit in with your surroundings. It's the same with cars. The conditions under which petrol has to work nowadays are more exacting, and ordinary petrol won't do. Shell, however, is perfectly suited to the modern engine.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Polo Notes—continued from p. 562

troops are not there to take advantage of what has been done for them. Anyone who will not stay in his place might just as well stay at home. I see the match described as a "magnificent" win for Australia. I shall be surprised to be told that the Australians thought that it was. After the first chukker it was a thousand pounds to a match-stick on them, and that is exactly the kind of gallop that is of no use to anyone. If there had been anything like a team against them—a good regimental side, for instance—it would have been quite on the cards that the Australians' balance might have been upset. They were not going as they want to, and as so good a team can when it is really tightened up. Some of the ponies were far too fresh, and even the good pilots they had on their backs could hardly counteract this. They discovered inside of about a quarter of an hour of it that they had nothing to beat.

How Goulburn will go eventually in the Championship no one can say, and each of us no doubt has his own particular opinion. I shall stick to my own original one, namely, that Goulburn will jolly nearly get home. They are bound to improve upon what they did at Hurlingham, and with Bhopal possibly disorganised by the most regrettable accident to H.H. the Nawab, the danger from one of their most formidable opponents may be decreased. It is as well to underline the word "may" after what we saw Bhopal do in the Ranelagh Open Cup v. The Knaves, whom they beat 11 to 7 after a scrap of the very first-class kind. Major C. E. Pert, 15th Lancers, has been put in at back. His quality we all know, and if things go as they look as if they might, Bhopal's fighting value might even be increased. He fitted in most admirably. I observe that some people do not know how good Major Pert is. The Four Winds team (Captain B. J. Fowler, Mr. H. H. Hughes, Captain G. E. Prior Palmer and Captain H. P. Guinness), which knocked Goulburn out 9-7 in the Roehampton Open, fell down in a heap in the final, in which The Jaguars laid them out cold and stiff 13 to 3. This meant, of course, that the winners never had to play real polo. If it had been possible for that Jaguar team to remain as it was then anything that wanted the Championship would have had to go like a scalded cat. This was the team: the Hon. W. K. Rous, an intrepid No. 1 and a very good shot, Mr. Laddie Sanford (near International, U.S.A.), Mr. Gerald Balding (English International), and Mr. Winston Guest (American International). After Mr. Guest had had to go back to America—they put in the Duke of

Roxburghe (Blues) in his place in the Sutton-Smith Cup, and with much success. With 2½ goals start from Someries House The Jaguars won with their toes in their boots 9½ to 4—which means 7 to 4 level. Whether this is a good enough Championship gallop I do not know. Someries House nearly put Goulburn on their backs in the dust-up they had with them in the Roehampton Open. It was only 7-6, and Goulburn were lucky to get up in the time—six chukkers only. If it had been seven or eight I think the Australians were almost certain to have gone away from them, as they were really wheeling into line, as you might say, at the finish. However, as was said before that Roehampton tournament was over, it is not fair to take anyone's form as final after all the bother they have had to play any polo at all. No team can possibly get right unless it has plenty of battle practice, and by the last week of this month we may see things very considerably altered. However, the more uncertainty the better the fun. A one-horse race is never exciting, and this Coronation year Championship certainly is not a one-horse race.

The Inter-Regimental is now beginning to take some sort of shape (semi-finals June 24 and 30 and final July 3), and many things will no doubt have happened after I have had to deliver this sop to Cerberus, the pet name some of us have for an insatiate printer. The Life Guards and the 27th Field Brigade R.A. opened the war at Hurlingham on the 5th and the Household Cavalry team won anyhow by 10 to 3. The Gunner side were at least 25 per cent. less well-horsed than the Cavalry, and it is a wonder that they were not beaten earlier. The Life Guards side is not formidable at the moment, and it may not survive its next encounter, which possibly will be with the Royals. As the Royals' regimental side was in pretty good shape before it came home from India, the season before last, and went by no means badly in last year's Inter-Regimental at home, it might easily shake some of the best of them up, including the real Gunner team (Major J. C. Campbell's and Captain Fowler's), the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers, who have both won their first-round ties. Last year the Royals, when nothing like ready, were put out 5 to 4 by the 5th D.G.'s, who then passed into the semi-final v. the 12th. The Royals won the Subalterns Cup last year and two of their subalterns, Mr. E. A. Calvert and the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell (a winner of the Kadir Cup), are in the regimental side. In India the Royals performed well against some of the cracks, 10th Hussars, P.A.V.O., 13th/18th Hussars, etc. We are all more or less in the dark about these regimental sides, but it is a good old rule of racing never to forget a horse's best form. I think we ought to see a very good fight.

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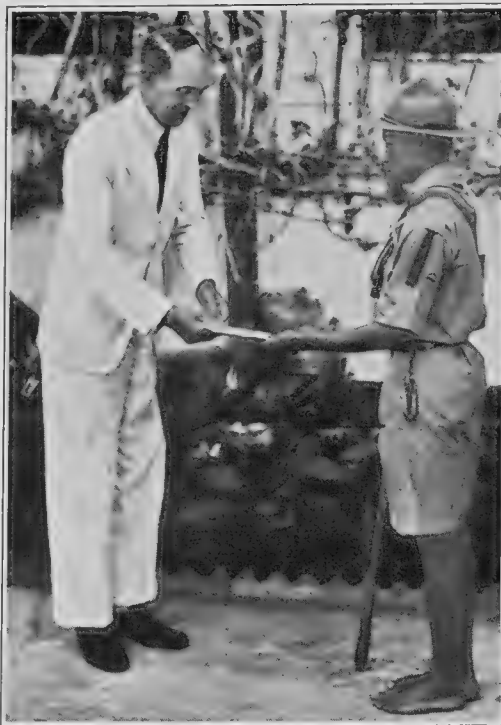
BUY A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 535

Anyway, I prefer Yakoob to Jabberjee of Bengal, where Lord Zetland lived for some exciting years as Governor. Jabberjee is a tip-and-run murderer and a past-master at poisoning in all its many branches, and hasn't the guts to come out in the open for a flutter like Yakoob, who, incidentally, has a great contempt for him, and gives any of his friends and relatives who are so stupid as to try to carry on business up on the Frontier the kind of thin time which I have endeavoured to indicate above. I have not set out one-quarter of what I know, because some of it is so very rude that it might petrify the polite and quate naice. But believe me or believe me not, I could a tale unfold which would . . . well, you know the rest!

We do not, of course, interfere with Yakoob's marriage customs, or any pretty sport which may thereto appertain, and if someone happens to get drilled we say nothing. At some frontier weddings they set up the legal fiction that the bride is an unwilling victim and they put in a sort of Rape of the Sabines pageant, just to amuse the countryside. The rough idea of the scenario is that the bridegroom and his braves should prance in and abduct the lady, and that Pop and Ma and their crowd should resist. It makes a very pretty picture. Sometimes it has happened that the inevitable rival has been on the premises with his gang, and that, quite unthinkingly, they have slipped a clip of live ammunition into their magazines. It is then that trouble is apt to start, because, of course, the bridegroom and his bloods also have live ammunition on them, also Pathan knives. It has happened ere now that a wedding has ended up in a wake. Weddings in our civilised land

would be really jolly if we could introduce a little of this stuff into them. But I suppose the police would interfere and spoil it, even though they are such good sportsmen.



H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF NIGERIA
AND A LOCAL BOY SCOUT

The Boy Scout is presenting a Souvenir copy of the Coronation Programme to H.E. Sir Bernard H. Bourdillon, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor of Nigeria, at Government House, Lagos. The Souvenir was tastefully decorated and suitably inscribed to the Governor. Sir Bernard Bourdillon has previously been Governor of Ceylon and Uganda

The organisers have kindly sent me the details of the first Festival of Youth, to be held in the Empire Stadium, Wembley, on July 3, when their Majesties the King and Queen, members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps will be present.

Forty organisations, representing thousands of clubs all over the country, are contributing to this huge display of games, athletics and physical culture, which has been organised by the British Sports and Games Association. The proceeds are to be devoted to King George V's Jubilee Trust. I see that there are eleven items in the programme, which will be preceded by a march past the King and Queen by 1,400 youths, boys and girls to the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards. Each section in the march past will consist of thirty-two representatives, headed by a leader, a designation-board bearer and a flag bearer.

This is one of those excellent organisations which everyone ought to support because it is doing such real good spade work in the right spot—the helping of the rising generation. In other parts of the world the same thing, of course, is being done, but not upon quite the same lines. There is nothing militaristic about this campaign of the British Sports and Games Association, and all that it aims at doing is to get 'em fit for any kind of work or pastime they may fancy. There is nothing compulsory about it; they need not box, dance, wrestle or do physical jerks if they don't want to. The members of all these clubs and organisations come into a thing like this because they like it. The programme, which is a bit too long to set out, is a first-class one and it ought to be a thoroughly good show.

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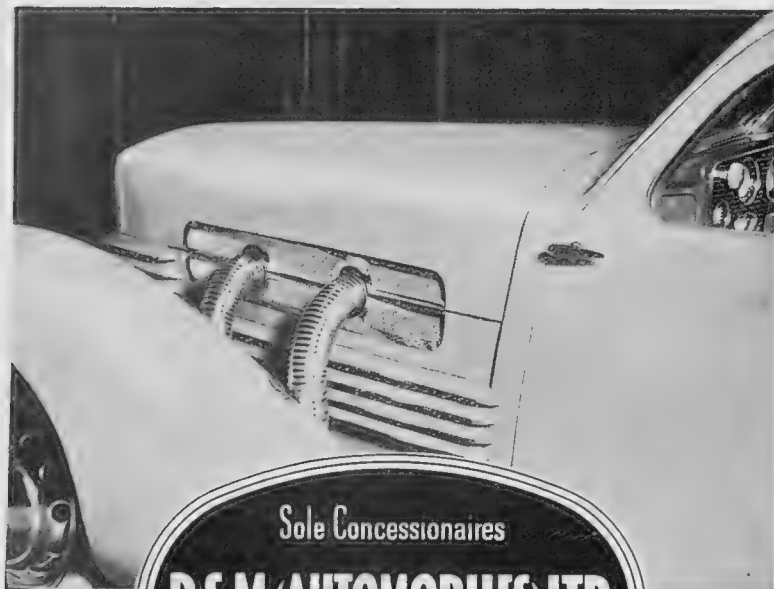
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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 564

that I was wrong. The numerous photographs sent me were inconclusive because not one was taken from the same angle to the glass as the line of sight of the driver.

* * *

Learning to Drive.

A good many new drivers come on the roads at this time of year and there are now hordes of people ready and anxious to instruct and to give advice. It is for the learner himself to discriminate between good advice and bad, and it is often a difficult task. "Car Driving Made Easy," by W. J. Seymour, is a book which first came into my hands some time ago. On first glancing into it I was put off by the determinedly "chatty" tone, but afterwards a friend in whose judgment I have faith recommended it to me as being one of

the best books he had read for new and nervous drivers and all those who had not yet passed their driving tests. So I examined it again in greater detail, and as a result I can strongly recommend it. It is sound and comprehensive. My own books on the driving test and on learning to drive have brought me correspondence which has shown me that the chief difficulty to be overcome in this kind of writing is that of *excluding* wrong conceptions. It is not enough alone to express the right conception; it must also be seen to that there are no loopholes for the wrong conception to creep in. I found diagrams essential; but Mr. Seymour bravely tackles the task with the help only of photographs. And he has successfully achieved his purpose.



THE MICROPHONE IN MARBLE: A PLAQUE OF SIR HARRY BRITTAIN

A bas relief, by Omen Nemon, a brilliant young Yugoslavian sculptor, of Sir Harry Brittain "On the Air"; the first time the microphone has been introduced into sculpture. Incidentally, Sir Harry wrote one of the first books on broadcasting, the "A.B.C. of the B.B.C." and, in a newspaper vote in the United States for the most effective broadcasting voice, received the verdict of English-speaking Foreigner Number One

Tyres with Teeth.

Not content with the ordinary two rows of teeth, the new Dunlop Fort "90" tyre has six and should be of the highest value to those novelists who specialise in characters who gnash and grind their teeth. Seriously, though, the important thing about the tread pattern of this tyre is that the teeth and the slots present a big effective edge for resisting skidding. The casing also incorporates improvements and I hear from a friend in the Dunlop company that these have been the outcome of the work that has been done with giant pneumatics.

* * *

Racing Ragout—continued from p. 516

at the December sales for 37 guineas a year later, described as follows:—

"Unwanted" bay mare (1934), Eager-Careless. Only ran twice as a two-year-old. Kept specially for the stud. Covered by "Insurance," recovered by the Universal Umbrella Company. Last service April 1. Matin's 10.30."

She has now gone to the Malay States where no doubt her progeny will in no time pick up the knack of catching leprosy and beri-beri, besides teaching the locals her own repertoire of how to conceal the cause of lameness and develop worms of all colours of the spectrum.

Nothing is more entertaining than ailments. Get three or four people together and in time it is an odds-on chance that they will discuss their gout, operations or reaction to anaesthetics. What a field for this is opened up by the racehorse. You have only to read the papers before the Derby and there are not 5 per cent. of the entries that haven't something wrong with them. In the humbler handicapping walks of life things are even worse with the added menace so dreaded by all women of going up a stone in a night without any sort of provocation.



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Air Eddies—continued from p. 552

Jersey Lines.

The two new air services, between Brighton and Jersey and Jersey and Exeter, have been inaugurated. They are being run by Jersey Airways in association with the Great Western and Southern Railways. The 150 miles between Jersey and Shoreham, the Brighton, Hove and Worthing municipal airport, is covered in a scheduled 75 minutes. The aeroplanes fly between these two points every day of the week except Wednesday and Thursday throughout the summer. The machines are four-engined types and they are fitted with wireless. The accommodation is for fourteen passengers with their luggage. The services also connect up with the new airport at Exeter, and the journey between Exeter and Jersey takes sixty minutes. By both routes passengers who travel one way by Jersey Airways can exchange the return part of the ticket for a first-class ticket available on the Great Western and Southern Railway steamers and trains. Luggage



WATCHING THE AEROBATICS AT FORFAR

Three studies in sky-gazing at a recent aerobatic exhibition away up north. In the picture are the Rev. Harry Rorison, of St. Mary's, Kirriemuir, Group-Captain H. V. Champion de Crespigny (Group 8, Flying School), and Mr. Auchterlownie, of Springfield, Brechin

in advance facilities are available. Since Jersey Airways began operations at the end of 1933 their aeroplanes have flown over 1½ million miles and have carried 80,000 passengers.

* * *

Police and 'Plane.

Treating your adversary with respect, as Dr. Johnson remarked, is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. So I am a little doubtful about the wisdom of that demonstration held at the Brighton, Hove and Worthing Airport the other day for the benefit of the Chief Constables of the Brighton Borough Police, the Hove Borough Police, the West Sussex County Police and the East Sussex County Police. It was all very informative, but its only practical object seems to have been to enable the police to achieve greater success in the obtaining of convictions against air pilots. Far be it from me to suggest that the police are always the adversary of the aviator; but I think it can safely be said that we get on better without them. No doubt Lord Amherst believed that he was acting in the best interests of aviation by instructing the police how to distinguish between safe and dangerous flying and by letting them know just how many documents we all ought to carry. But, after all, the object of the police is to secure convictions. If, as a result of "information received," they act at all, it will be against the air pilot and not for him. Therefore, while one appreciates the public spirit of this airport, one cannot fail to look with anxiety upon the way in which it is manifested. Aviation can be assured that enough convictions will be registered against it without taking special steps to aid the police in collecting the evidence. However, the Brighton, Hove and Worthing Airport (I wish it would use a shorter name) provided an undeniably instructive show.

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LADIES' KENNEL

We have had so little continuous sunshine that it is difficult to realise that summer is nearly half over, and that with Richmond Show on July 6 the London Show season comes to an end. On the whole it has been a successful one, in spite of counter attractions, and difficulties caused by the bus strike, etc. Entries have kept up, and there has been no flagging of interest. To read some of the letters in the "doggy" press re judging, one might think shows were in a parlous state; as a matter of fact they have never been more flourishing. The people who write these letters do not realise that no two people see things quite alike and that if they did, shows would very soon cease to exist.

I lately referred to Miss Wigg's kennel of Sussex Spaniels, and now give a photograph of her good stud dog, Hornshill Buckle. Buckle is a most typical dog, winner of one Challenge certificate. He is a rich dark chestnut in colour, and is a most successful



SUSSEX SPANIEL

The property of Miss Wigg



BEE-ZEE OF ADEL

The property of Miss Buckley

sire, his puppies being strong and robust and a lovely colour. There are some good pups by him for sale at present. Sussex Spaniels having been neglected for some years, are now doing very well indeed. They are attractive dogs, honest workers, especially good in thick coverts and hedgerows, and also make excellent companions, being good tempered and quiet in the house.

The Chow is a dog of very marked character, which makes him very popular with some people. He is fond of his own people but does not care for strangers, and is also of an independent nature, and can well take care of himself. Witness the number of Chows one sees out

Scottish K.C. Show last year, and have some wonderful little Japs by him and other well-known sires. Japs are still rather unknown dogs in Scotland, we are the only kennel breeding for sale up here, and there is quite a demand for them. As soon as the pups can move about a bit they are out on a lawn all day, and I find they become just as hardy and sturdy as any other breed. People no doubt have realised that coddling any animal or person is a mistake, and the more fresh air and sun, if there is any, the young of all kinds get, the better, and it really pays to let Toy dogs have an outdoor sort of life.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

ASSOCIATION NOTES

alone in London, crossing the crowded streets with a calmness which is not shared by the onlooker. He is a very popular show proposition; Chows are bred to great perfection now, they are long-lived and good lasters, which is a great point in favour of any dog. Miss Buckley has a small kennel of Chows, but has done very well. She sends a picture of her home-bred black bitch, Bee-Zee of Adel, which, though under 20 months old, has won a lot. Miss Buckley's Chow, Choonan Mei-Su Tang, has a litter of puppies. There are some specially nice puppies from this litter for sale.

Another Eastern dog of quite a different kind is the charming little Japanese Spaniel, one of the most attractive of the Toy breeds. Japs have been known in England for a long time, but have never become common. Mrs. Craufurd has a successful kennel in Scotland and sends a photograph of one of her dogs, winner of the Challenge Certificate at the



JAPANESE SPANIEL

The property of Mrs. Craufurd



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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 54

four-two lead in the second, and seemed to have the match in her pocket. Whether she underrated her opponent's rallying powers, or whether she is not yet acclimatised, which makes it difficult for her to concentrate over a long period, the fact remains she cracked badly in the last set. Which was sad, for her style is so effortless and so beautiful it seems almost sacrilege when she starts hitting forehand drives into the bottom of the net. Miss Jedrzejowska, on the other hand, has the good fortune, or the misfortune—it depends on your point of view—of possessing an atrocious style, which makes it quite impossible to tell whether she intends hitting her backhand, for instance, across the court or down the line. I doubt if she knows herself, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to see her hang her head and dissolve into laughter when she brings off another unexpected coup. Her forehand, of course, is magnificent, but just as one swallow doesn't make a summer so does one stroke not make a Wimbledon champion.

On the other hand, the men's singles at St. George's Hill was won this year by a lad of twenty who possesses two assets seldom found among our so-called promising young players: a backhand that is hit cleanly and severely in the same way that Austin hits his own backhand, without either that drag on it or that slice which so many of our stars adopt as part of the over-cautious policy that is the ruination of the game in this country; a policy that makes them poke their services into court, instead of going all out to serve aces, even at the risk of double faults, and the cost of stamina, as the real champions do, especially the Americans, who believe, quite rightly, that it is a tennis disgrace to lose your service several times in a match. But when most of our home players spin a racquet before a match and find that they have won the toss, they say automatically, "I will serve," but they seldom say it with any real conviction, any assurance that to serve first will start them off with a lead. But Filby, when he wins the toss, can put that conviction into his voice. For he possesses a simply splendid service, in which there is no appreciable difference between the two deliveries: a service which enables him to get to the net with the minimum of effort and the maximum of result. It was, indeed, a pleasure to see the way in which, in the semi-final against Tuckey, he kept our Davis Cup player floundering defensively at the back of the court while he dominated the net. Even so, there was one moment when I was desperately afraid that his opponent was going to rob him of his place in the final. From being 3-1 up in the final set Filby suddenly found himself caught and passed at 4-3. Here he showed that he has the ultimate makings of a real champion, a real successor to Fred Perry, who is now having fun in the provinces.

I believe that in Filby, who has been told by his family that unless he makes good in the tennis world this year he must give up the game, we have found our most promising material since Perry, who in some ways he strangely resembles, perhaps in the same way as all race-horses have a certain classical look in common. Not that Filby at the present moment is a very graceful figure on court. On the contrary, he is all arms and legs. But this phase will pass; he will fill out into a man, and perhaps—who knows?—into a giant at that. I am particularly pleased and interested in his progress, since for four years now, ever since I played against him myself in the final of a handicap single, I have been urging the L.T.A., so to speak, to put him under contract. In those days he was even more colt-like than he is to-day: a shy, unattractive figure in a blue mackintosh, who hung about tournaments from early Monday morning till late on the Saturday evening, ready and eager to knock up with anyone who would give him a game, delighted if he got through a round himself in any event. Things will be very different for him from now on. He will take his place among the winners of tournaments in the Metropolitan area—that small, select band of stars who are fetched and carried for, and are allowed to keep their opponents waiting for hours on end. They have all the court cards in their hands. All the same, I do hope Filby won't make the tragic mistake, which so many players in his class do, of playing all their trumps out in one swell swoop. May he have the sense to keep some instead for later on, much later on, when he is no longer on the rise as a player, but battling desperately to keep his position and new aspirants at bay. Of all the fallen idols that are to be seen every day strewn by the wayside, none are so pathetic, I often think, as the living corpses of former tennis stars, who have not had the sense to get out while the going was good, or even to keep their heads while they were still going.

It would be invidious, of course, to give examples, but I must confess that it depressed me terribly at St. George's Hill to have to watch the Countess de la Valdene, who as Lili d'Alvarez held me in thrall on the centre court, being made to look like a beginner, and a clumsy one at that, by the Misses Lumb, who do not pretend to be in the same class as she was at her height. When I explain that although her partner was Miss Billie Yorke they only succeeded in winning half a dozen games from their opponents, you can imagine the measure of the senorita's decline. For most of the match she was hitting her volleys into the wrong court altogether, and, quite frankly, I do think the time has come for her to retire gracefully to the sideline. Ten years ago she was a great player. She is still a very beautiful woman.



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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. Four sisters, whose ages range from 62 to 71, all unmarried, one an invalid and one delicate, are striving to live on 32s. a week, all told. Each of these four women is now past work; their father was a retail grocer and farmer, but left his family without provision. There were also four brothers, and while they were alive things were easier, but they are now all dead, and the struggle these poor sisters have is desperate. Will someone send us donations that we may promise to pay their rates for one year and make their life a little less grim?

The Midsummer Night's Ball in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W.3, preceded by dinner, will take place under the auspices of the Ladies' Association at the Hurlingham Club on Thursday, June 24, 1937. Lady Plunket and Mr. Walter Crisham have kindly consented to dance, and the Clabon-West Band will be in attendance. H.M. Queen Mary is one of the Patrons of the hospital, of which the Duke of Gloucester is the President. Amongst the Patrons and organising committee are: President, the Lady Marian Cameron; vice-president, the Marchioness of Hamilton; chairman, Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld; vice-chairmen, Mrs. Terence Eden, Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior; hon. treasurer, Mr. Terence Eden; hon. secretaries, Miss Grizel Davies, Mrs. J. Bridges. Dinner is at 8.30 p.m., dancing from 10-2 in the ballroom and on a special floor in the grounds, and, later, a fork supper. There will be illuminated gardens, fireworks and other special attractions for the occasion. Dinner-dance tickets are £1 11s. 6d. each and fork supper and dance tickets are £1 1s. each.

With King George VI as patron there is no question that the International Horse Show, to be held at Olympia from June 17-26, is going to be one of the outstanding features of this Coronation season. Success is assured both as regards record entries and public appreciation. This will be the twenty-fifth show and, for the first time, the Governments of eight countries have entered their best teams to compete in the jumping round the course. The chief of these jumping events are the tests for the Edward, Prince of Wales' Cup



"I MET HIM IN PARIS"

Robert Young and Claudette Colbert very well met in the new Paramount picture, which opened at the Carlton last week. In *I Met Him in Paris* a new version of the eternal triangle is amusingly presented



LEONORA CORBETT

One of England's most charming young actresses, who plays the lead at the Garrick in *Sarah Simple*, A. A. Milne's highly successful comedy in the best Milne manner, which reached its fiftieth performance on Monday, Leonora Corbett has also made very good in several British films. Her most recent screen appearance was in *Farewell Again*, together with Leslie Banks and Flora Robson

to be decided on Monday afternoon, June 21 when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be present, and the King George V gold trophy, the premier award for the officer of any army who makes the cleanest round over the obstacles. Great Britain, the Irish Free State, the United States of America, France, Belgium, Germany, Roumania and Turkey will produce the pride of their cavalry and, if his duties permit, the King will be present but it is certain that Her Majesty and the Princesses will be in the Royal box on June 24.

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Saturday, July 17th:

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Sunday, August 22nd:

GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Shortly.

On June 25, Mr. Anthony Burke and Miss Rosemary Sandars are being married at the Brompton Oratory; Mr. Dermot Morrogh, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Morrogh, of The Glen, Queenstown, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Hone Phillpotts, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey S. Phillpotts, of Oakfield, Foxrock, are being married on July 7;



MR. AND MRS. DONALD MACLEAN

Who were married on May 28 at St. Clements Danes, Strand. Mr. Donald Maclean is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Maclean, of Bournemouth, and his bride was formerly Miss Daphne Mary Smith, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rowland Smith, of Elms Grove, Hornchurch, Essex

Colonel Frank Hodsoll, D.S.O. (Regular Army Reserve), of Manila, Philippines, and Mrs. Beverly-Jones, widow of Mr. Beverly-Jones, of Bel-Air, Los Angeles, California, are being married quietly on July 2.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Francis Campbell Bentley, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and Miss Evelyn Willes, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willes, of Newbold Comyn, Leamington Spa; Mr. Ronald Graham Syme, Gold Coast Administrative Service, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Syme, of Woodlawn, New Milton, Hants, and Miss Pamela (Bobby) Savory, the youngest daughter of Sir William Westbourne Terrace, W., and Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks; Mr. Richard Leslie Hill, of the Sudan Civil Service, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hill, of The Lodge, Crofton, Wiltshire, and Miss Juliana Marie Sofia Cotton, the elder daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Cotton, I.C.S., and Mrs. D. H. B. Drummond, of 5, Walsingham Mansions, Hove, Sussex; Lieutenant Robert Lawrence Franklin (B.Sc.), of The Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, the younger son of Mrs. A. M. F. Franklin, of Maxville, Ontario, and Miss Norah May Halse, the only daughter of Colonel F. T. Halse, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Halse, of Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst, Kent; Captain William Gill Withycombe, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the only son of Brig.-General W. M. Withycombe, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Withycombe, of Holt, Norfolk, and Miss Catherine Mary Haggie, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Haggie, of 92, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; Captain C. A. L. Shipley, The Royal Fusiliers, the son of the late Brig.-General C. T. Shipley, C.B., and the late Mrs. Shipley, and Miss Margery Bickham, the daughter of the late Mr. H. S. H. Bickham and Mrs. Bickham, of The Hilltop, Ledbury, Herefordshire; Mr. George Henry Winterburn, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Winterburn, of Ormskirk, Lancashire, and Miss Marguerite Yvonne Nicholl Griffin, the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. G. Griffin, of Llandaff, Glamorgan, and granddaughter of Commander Sir Edward Nicholl, K.B.E.



Miss Sheila Naylor

The eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. N. Naylor, of The Holt, Upham, Hants, and Auchincree, Forfar, whose engagement was announced this month to Lieutenant Bertram Stote Pemberton, R.N., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Pemberton, of Alstonefield Manor, Ashbourne

on July 5, Mr. Richard W. Crawshaw marries Miss Lettice G. J. Lane at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge; and also in July is the marriage between Flight Lieutenant A. M. D. Howes, R.A.F.O., of Tanganyika Territory, and Miss Vida Marten, the eldest daughter of Major E. R. Marten, and of Mrs. G. T. Marten, of 46, Melbury Court, W.

* * *

Abroad.

Mr. Kenneth McCrean, Indian Police, and Miss Luce Helen Armstrong are being married at Hel-singfors, Finland, on June 29; and Lieut.

* * *



EUROPE'S HEALTH RESORT OF DISTINCTION IN THE BLACK FOREST. HOT SPRINGS 154° F. FOR TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT AND CATARRH. SOCIAL AND ARTISTIC ATTRACTIONS. 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. FISHING. SHOOTING. GAMING CASINO OPEN THE WHOLE YEAR. ALL INFORMATION THROUGH GERMAN RAILWAY OFFICE 19 REGENT STREET, LONDON SW 1.

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BEAUTY'S LATEST AID: THE
POMPADOUR WONDER MASK

The Wonder Mask.

The Pompadour Wonder Mask is a simple home remedy to remove the ravages to face and skin caused by the strain and rush of modern life. In twenty minutes the sagging skin is lightened, surface wrinkles disappear, open pores are cleansed and reduced to the normal size and muscles invigorated and made taut. It is quite simple to apply and must be removed gently with cotton wool soaked in warm water. A sample treatment of this rejuvenator may be obtained for half a crown post free. Furthermore, news that cannot be too widely disseminated is the latest creation of Madame Bertha Jacobson, whose salons are at the Maison de Beauté Pompadour, 11-12, Dover Street. A fact that is sometimes overlooked is that shiny noses look larger and fatter than those which have a matt surface. In these salons the "unpleasant" nose, shall it be said, loses the characteristics that annoy and annexes just the right contour and shade. There are certain preparations that aid in this good work, particulars of which will be found in the booklet; it is free, and so are the consultations. "Puffiness" under the eyes also quickly vanishes under these skilful treatments

Retreshing Drinks.

Ten years ago barley water was merely regarded as rather a good drink for feverish invalids and small children, but to-day it is the choice of all who enjoy a long and cooling drink. Tennis players and athletes all appreciate its delicate flavour and surprisingly refreshing powers. It is particularly delightful when made to Old Hethers' recipe from Robinson's "Patent" Barley; this year, however, there is a choice of lime or lemon flavouring, both equally delicious. A bottle of lemon or lime barley water costs one and ninepence, and contains as many as twenty-one glasses, while for those who prefer to make their own there are tins of Robinson's "Patent" Barley for sevenpence halfpenny or one and threepence. Both drinks are ideal for picnics and tennis parties as they are easily served. They are, incidentally, extraordinarily refreshing when travelling. Lemon Barley Crystals are also available in tins, costing twopence and sevenpence halfpenny, a very practical idea for people who spend their holidays camping out. While Robinson's Lemon Barley Water is a well-known favourite, however, it is only recently that this firm introduced Lime Barley Water, a delightful drink for every occasion. These fruit drinks do not only quench one's thirst for the moment; their cooling power lasts for a very long time, even during energetic games in the garden or on the beach. In the hot weather a little ice should be added, if only for its refreshing chink in the glass



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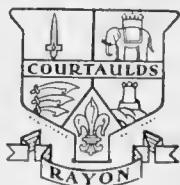
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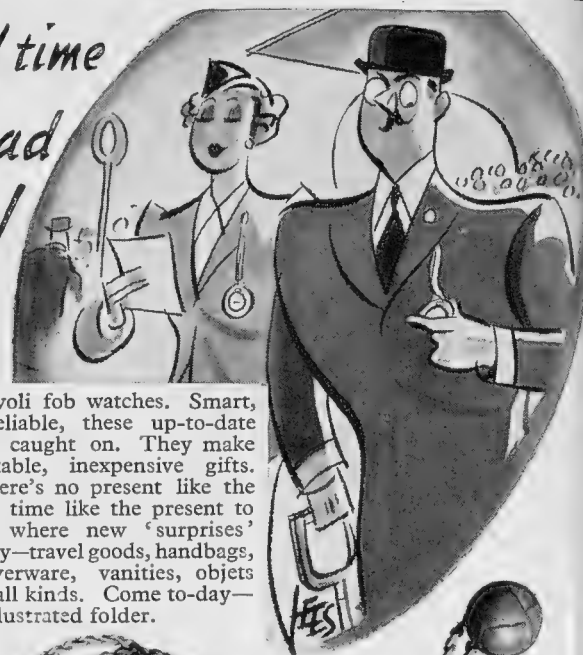
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Photo: A tailored Walpole Tennis Dress, made in a reliable silk pique. In all sizes - . . . **39/6**

Sketch: Summer reception two-piece, comprising Dress and Coatee, made in multi-coloured Crepe on white or black grounds. Hips 40-46. **5 gns.**



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New Shoulder Cape
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At one Sale, and one Sale only in the Summer, Harvey Nichols clear their exclusive things. Because the styles are so apt. Because the quality ranks so high, this Sale brings more thrills to more women than any other in the Kingdom.

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Exclusive Models
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Original Price - - 4½ gns.
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Variety of styles in expensive and
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Beautiful quality fine French Batiste, with top in Paris lace. Entirely backless, deep fitting over hips, lightly boned in front, youthful bustline with perfect uplift. Odd sizes from 34 to 40 in. Bust.

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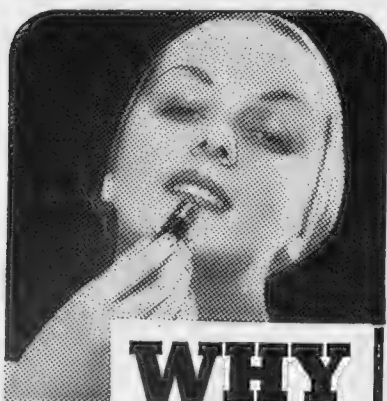
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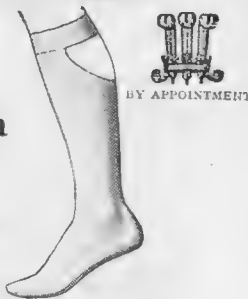


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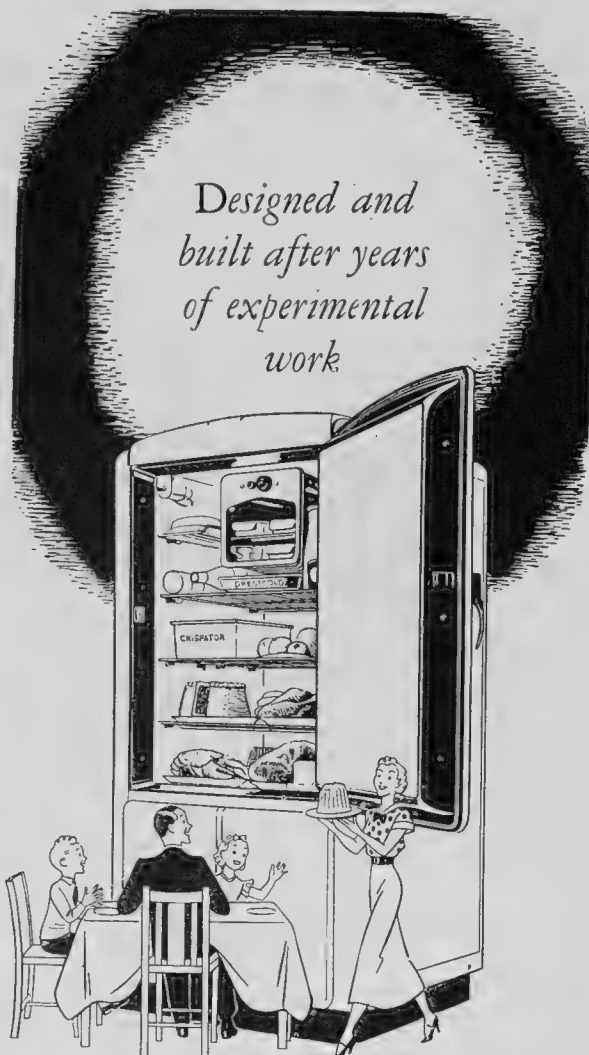


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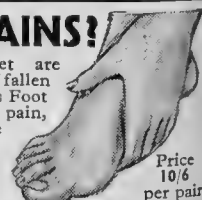
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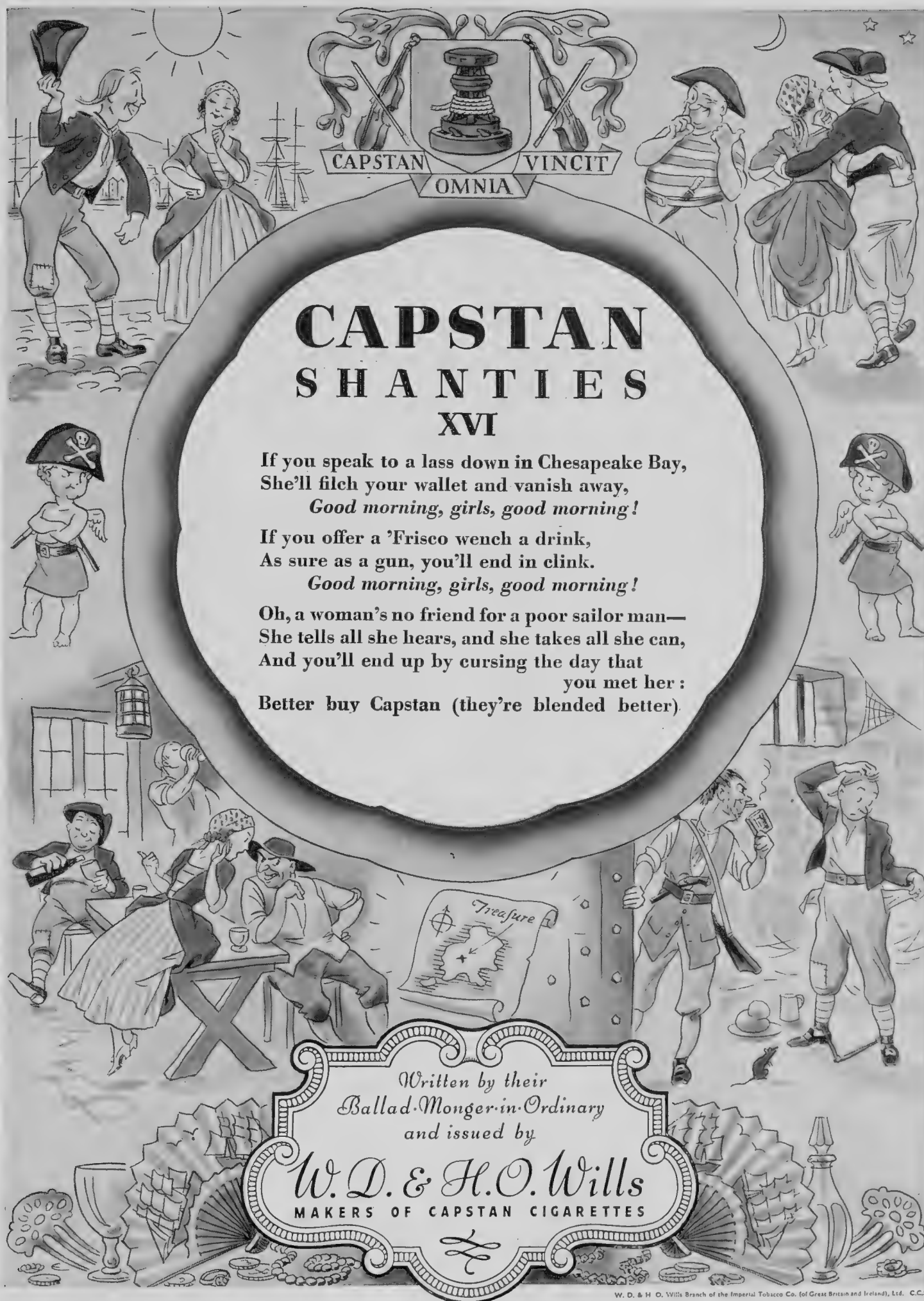


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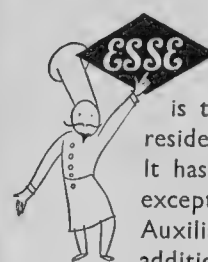
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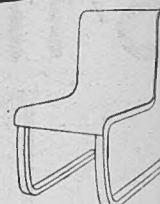
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